

Calling All GIRLS

The Favorite Magazine
of Girls and Sub-Debs

September 1942

No. 10

10c

MYSTERY

At The Lookout

By CAROLYN KEENE

author of

NANCY DREW

and

DANA GIRLS

Mystery Stories

COMICS

STORIES

Movies

FASHIONS

Gadgets

Good

Looks

Etiquette

THINGS TO DO





A LONG summer afternoon, the quiet of a grassy hilltop . . . the gently moving clouds frame rosy dream-pictures of your future. Delightful! But daydreams need no such idyllic setting. What girl cannot walk down a busy, dusty street, seeing only herself in a scene of beauty and triumph?

Dreams may be dreamed almost anywhere, anytime, and fine things they are, too, lifting us out of the humdrum of everyday living, stretching our desire for perfection. But I have a quarrel with dreams. They are too easy. Take Jane, for instance (you probably know at least one girl like her). Jane has an entrancing dream that one day she will be a great actress. She has a little talent, and she looks a little like Greer Garson (a resemblance which she cherishes) . . . and now, in her mind she has practically become Greer Garson. Living almost entirely in this world of her own imagining, Jane feels herself so superior to her actual surroundings that she doesn't get half as

much fun out of life as she could. Needless to say, her affectation makes her a great bore to her family and friends. Living too much in the land of make-believe, she does not try to live graciously in the land of here and now . . . and she misses such a lot!

And easy, idle dreams make for such disappointments. The girl who dreams that she is beautiful, charming and popular, but does nothing to be so, wonders why she is so misunderstood, why people don't realize how wonderful she is. She's apt to be bewildered and hurt because those around her see only a selfish girl who expects flattery and attention and does little to please others.

Yes, we need dreams for success and happiness. But let's mix a bit of reality with them. Dream the dream, add the will, sincere effort and hard work, and we can do anything!

MARGARET E. JESSUP,
Publisher

The Girl on the Cover



Irene Frese, 17 years old and already a famous Conover model. This is her first national magazine cover, and she's thrilled to death about it. Irene says she's "just about average in everything," and she seems to like just about what you like . . . baseball, basketball, swimming, swing music, travel, and Clark Gable! You'll be seeing more of Irene in the ads and on magazine covers. Cover photo by Muller-King. Plaid suit by Lortags, Inc. Football gadget pin by Coro.

Coming Soon In CALLING ALL GIRLS out about the first of every month

Sherry Rides Trail

Another Sherry story in which she has new adventures, helping a parachute forest ranger.

Making The Grade At School

Not just scholastically, but with new friends—and old—as well.

The Girl Who Lives At The White House

A girl your own age who's "at home" with the President's family.

And lots of other grand features, stories, comics

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President

GEORGE J. HECHT

Publisher

MARGARET E. JESSUP

Executive Editor

FRANCES ULLMANN

Art Editor

RALPH O. ELLSWORTH

JUNIOR ADVISORY EDITORS

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Eddie's Daughter

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DAUGHTER of FREE FRANCE



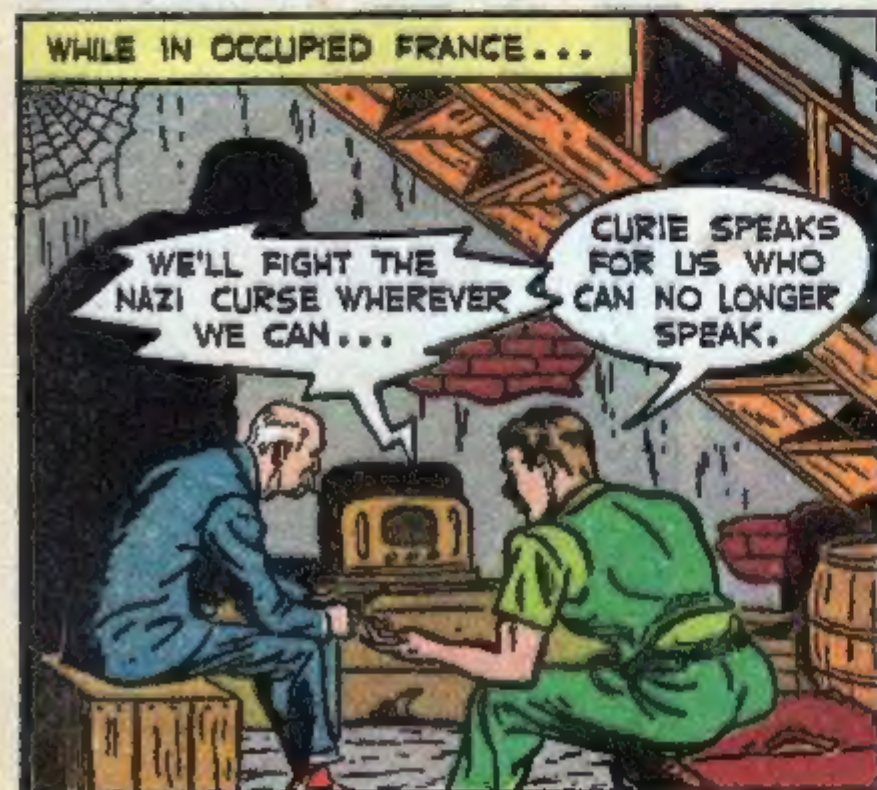
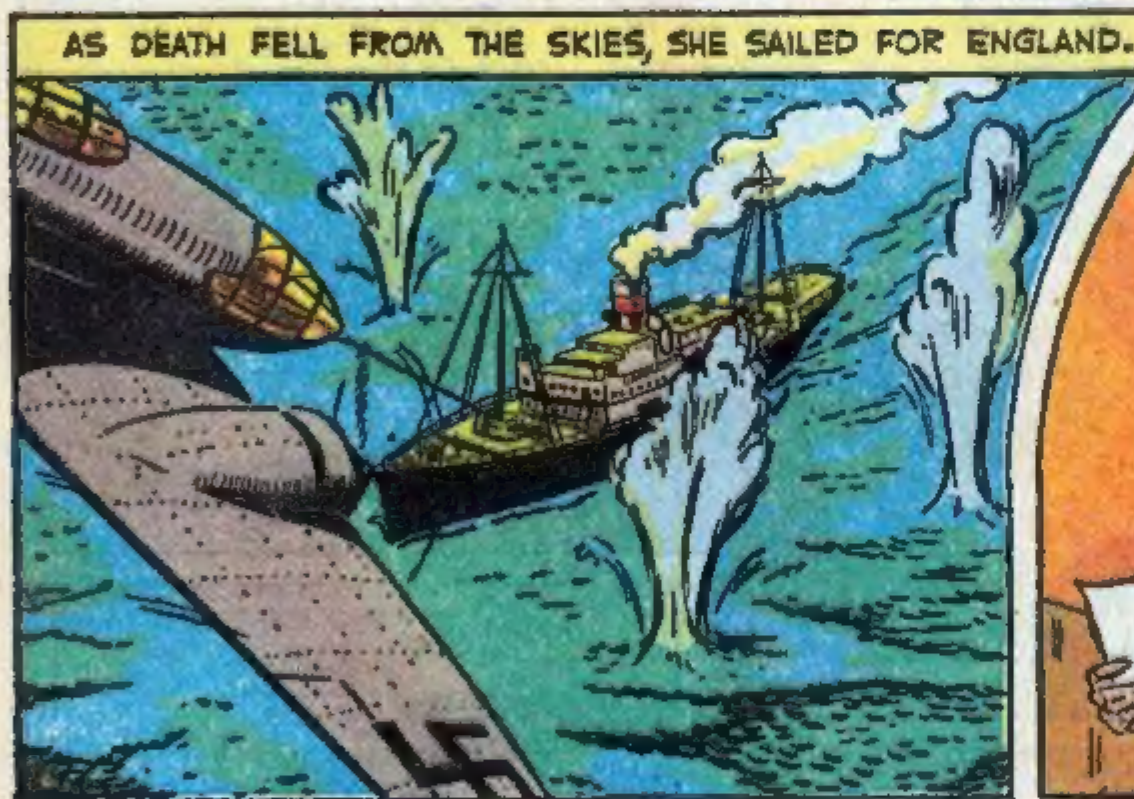
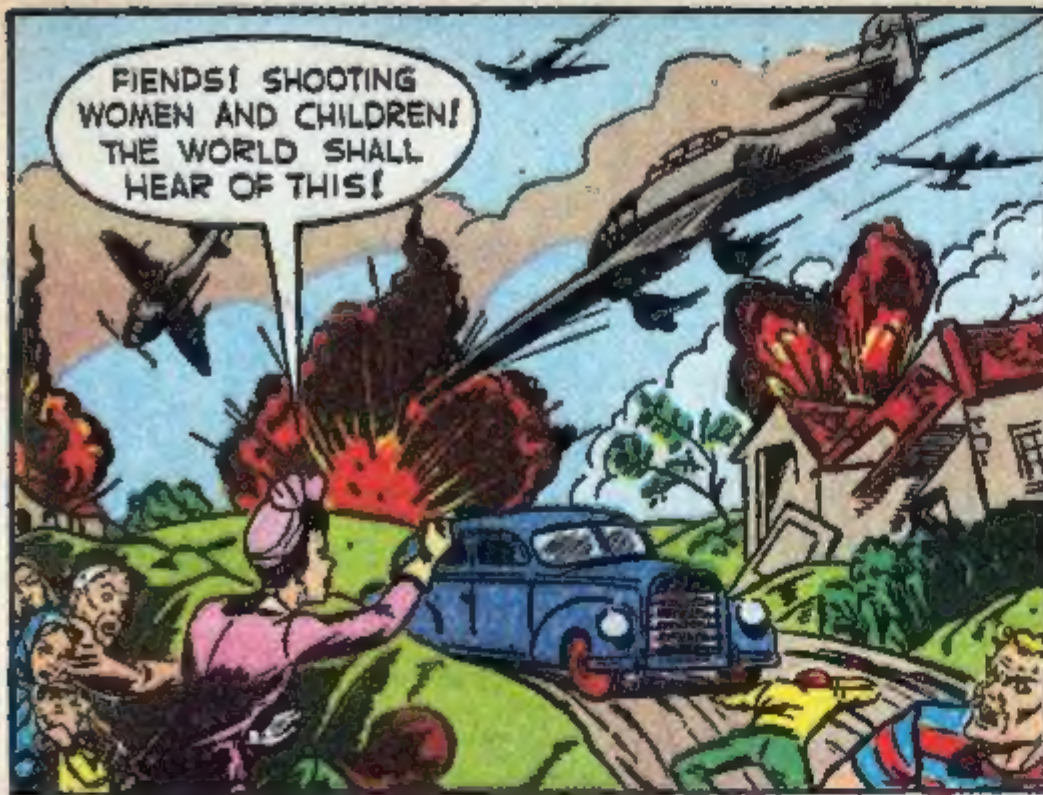
EVE CURIE,
AN OUTSTANDING
JOURNALIST, WHO FIGHTS
FOR MANKIND AS DID
HER MOTHER, THE
GREAT SCIENTIST,
MARIE CURIE

WHEN THE NAZIS INVADED FRANCE IN 1940,
EVE CURIE WAS BUSY DIRECTING THE WAR
WORK OF THE WOMEN OF FRANCE.



ONLY ONE STEP AHEAD OF
THE NAZI ARMY...





THEN CAME AN INVITATION TO LECTURE IN AMERICA.

A TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC THESE DAYS IS NO PLEASURE TRIP. THE SUBMARINES...

I'D TAKE ANY RISK FOR THIS CHANCE TO TALK TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

IN AMERICA...

IF YOUR GREAT COUNTRY IS TO REMAIN FREE, IT MUST NOT MAKE THE MISTAKES MY COUNTRY HAS MADE.

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!

AND ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!

LECTURING WAS NOT ENOUGH. IN NOVEMBER, 1941...

I WANT TO REPORT ON THE WAR FROM ALL FRONTS.

OUR READERS WILL BE DELIGHTED TO HAVE FIRST-HAND REPORTS FROM YOU. GO AHEAD!

SO EVE WAS ON HER WAY...

AFRICA FIRST, THEN RUSSIA, CHINA—WHEREVER FREE MEN FIGHT.

IN NORTHERN AFRICA...

AMERICAN MUNITIONS! WE MUST GET THEM TO ALL OUR ALLIES!

THIS IS AMERICA'S ANSWER TO THE AGGRESSORS.

PLEASE LET ME GO TO THE FRONT.

IT IS DANGEROUS. NO WOMAN HAS BEEN SO CLOSE TO THE FRONT.

BUT I WANT TO SEE THIS WAR—AND NOT FROM BEHIND THE LINES!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45...



Kay stared incredulously at the black gelding. He was limping and his body was streaked with sweat. And Clarke was the offender.

On The Hoof

Kay was a hard-riding girl who knew horses, but there was one hurdle she didn't know how she was going to get over

By ANN SPENCE WARNER

Author of "Sidesaddle Ranch," "Days of Gold," and "Gold Is Where You Find It"

KAY BENNING always groomed Red Wing last, just as she saved until last her favorite piece of candy. Then she could give extra brushes to the sorrel mare's glinting tawny mane and tail. Kay had little time to ride Red Wing these days, but just to work around her was a joy.

A final brisk rub along the

haunches—ah, now the gleaming coat was perfect. But those thin ribs! Faster than she could build up the mare, Mr. Todman wore her down. If he rode her a few more times as he had last week, Red Wing was going to be in really bad shape.

Clarke Grant's bicycle bell sounded from down the driveway. Kay's thin face lighted.

Clarke, a schoolmate of hers in wintertime, lived on the outskirts of the city, near the road to the Benning place, and came to the stables often. Here was someone with whom she could talk over her troubles. Her mother understood horses so little that it was no comfort taking business problems to her. Clarke got the point.

"How's the big boss?" he greeted her.

"Oh, Clarke! We hear Dad won't be back for weeks yet. And I simply don't know what

to do until he gets back."

"Same as you've been doing." He was always quick with encouragement. "Everything looks shipshape to me."

"It's Red Wing."

"So Mr. Todman's back again."

"I'll say. And a man like him—how can I refuse him the horse he wants? Especially when we still owe him on the last feed bill. Clarke!" She grabbed his arm desperately. "That's his coupe coming up the road now. Look—Red Wing in plain sight. No chance of getting her out of his way."

"Tell him she's promised."

"He'll see no one comes for her. Anyhow, you know lying never gets you anywhere. And I can't have trouble with him while Dad's away—sick, and worried to death with me in charge when he feels I'm just a kid."

There had been no one else her father could call upon. Her mother—well, as Mr. Benning always said with a laugh, you could take some people out of the city but you never took the city out of them. Mrs. Benning was afraid of horses and understood nothing about the livery business.

"Oh, I wish I knew what Dad would do if he were here," Kay whispered. Mr. Todman was stepping out of his coupe in riding togs. "He always hated to let Mr. Todman have Red Wing but he felt he had to do it. Still, Red never used to get so completely upset as she has lately. I just can't understand it."

Mr. Todman would bring the sensitive mare in wet, nervous, completely unstrung. He always rode too hard, handled a horse too roughly; yet that should not account for the quivering nerves that lately could not be quieted for hours, for days. After he left, Kay would walk Red Wing up and down, cool her and rub her. But still there were the shuddering twitches.

"Ha! I see you have my horse for me," he declared in his heavy jovial voice. "Give me the same saddle I had the last time I rode."

There was nothing Kay could do except get the mare ready.

"Come over here," Clarke called to her. "I've got something to show you."

"Be with you in a minute," Kay answered as she watched Mr. Todman start off.

Clarke had a wounded pheasant, holding it covered up in the basket on the handlebars.

"I saw him in the field as I rode by—hopping and flopping."

Kay's gentle exploring fingers quickly located a place where a shot had gone into its body. "Oh, if only that dumb hunter could aim straight! It's bad enough having him break the law protecting pheasants. But he doesn't even kill them. His aim . . ." The grinding of her teeth was more expressive than

It wouldn't take me long to get it, though."

They both saw the flat tire at the same moment. "Aw, heck!"

"This bird's drooping so the picture wouldn't be much anyhow," Kay offered cheerfully.

"You never think any picture is much," Clarke grumbled.

It was true that Kay found it hard to share his absorbed enthusiasm for photography. She saw no sense in poking around in a stuffy, spookily-lit room when she could be riding in the sunshine!

"Who do you suppose can be doing the shooting?" Clarke wondered. "The law's so strict."

Suddenly Kay's eyes narrowed. Red Wing's quivering nerves. And how the mare hated a gun! Kay had found the wounded bird in the pasture the day after Mr. Todman

And here under this bush—
what luck! Kay's spirits rose.



words. "I found two last week. Feel how thin this bird is. I'll bet it was shot at the same time and it's been suffering ever since."

Days of suffering had so weakened and bewildered the wild creature that it welcomed the shelter of her arms. Kay's tender fingers gently caressed the red feathers about its bright eyes, the dark head set off with the showy white collar, and the body plumage glinting with brilliant greens, reds, saffrons, and blends of other rich hues.

"I'd love to get a picture of that bird," Clarke declared, "but I left my camera at home.

last took Red Wing out.

"Mr. Todman!" she exclaimed. "I noticed today how awkwardly he got into his saddle. Do you suppose he could have had a gun concealed under his coat and breeches?"

Clarke's face reflected the excitement in hers. "He'd be the sort. Say, if we could just catch him!"

"Lot of good that would do!" Kay replied bitterly. "Who'd believe our word against his? The highly respectable Mr. Todman!"

"They would if . . ." He broke off, scowling in the direction of his flat tire. "That pesky tire!

If it didn't take so doggone long to patch it!"

"Gabbing and fussing won't hurry it up." Kay had missed the connection in his mind. She finished with a comradely grin. "Better get busy."

"I'm going for a ride first," Clarke announced abruptly. "Mind if I take Dundy?"

"He isn't spoken for this afternoon," Kay said slowly. Dundy was a wise, reliable horse and the temptation was to send him out too often. Whatever else, Kay did not want Dundy out of condition. Still, Clarke handled a horse right. And it was late for more calls. "All right. Take him."

Kay was so intent on her painstaking care of the wounded pheasant that she did not even notice in which direction Clarke rode away. She bedded the bird down in a comfortable straw nest in an empty grain room, hopeful that it might be saved.

Would Mr. Todman never get back? Heart-sick with concern, Kay had to keep her hands occupied. Jack, a neighborhood boy who helped her with the heavy work, had appeared to begin his evening chores. She got him to lend a hand in yanking off Clarke's flat tire so she could patch the damaged tube. Mr. Todman had been out more than his customary two hours. Poor, poor Red Wing! Too bad this tire had had to be flat when Clarke wanted his camera.

Ah, there at last was Red Wing. Kay held her breath as the mare came nearer. Sweat streaks all over her. Drying foam on her bit, her nostrils, her neck, her flanks. That twitch of her drooping head.

Kay's eyes avoided Mr. Todman's face. She answered his remarks briefly, struggling to control the anger surging

through her. Now, now while it meant so much to avoid trouble with her father away, she must not let her temper get uppermost. She must not say things to anger him.

She watched the man closely. If he had carried a gun earlier, it was not in evidence now. She had to let him inspect the wounded pheasant and not tear into him for the brute, the pheasant killer she suspected him to be. She had to stand debating with him who the hunter might be. He even suggested Clarke.

Oh, no, Kay disagreed; not



Kay was waiting impatiently when Clarke rattled up on his bicycle and handed her the picture

possibly. Would the man ever go? At last he started for his car, but her relief was short. For as he left, he informed her that he was taking his vacation at home. He would be out the following afternoon, every afternoon that week.

By the time his car had circled the driveway, Kay's hands were trembling so that she was frightening Red Wing more than she was soothing her. If she could only take a ride on the mare, together they could outrun the horror of that man. They could lose themselves in the joy of the swift trot, the rhythm, the music of its thud-

ding beat. But Red Wing was too tired. She must be quieted, blanketed, and put in her box stall to rest. Kay's brush stroke widened in a soothing measure.

Still the mare quivered under her touch. Another ride tomorrow with Mr. Todman! Red Wing could never stand it. Something must be done to prevent it. But what?

Clarke was coming up the lane. She stared incredulously at the horse and the rider. Dundy was limping. His body was streaked with sweat. He was in the worst shape any horse had been returned in years. And Clarke—Clarke!—was the offender. And he wasn't even saying he was sorry. He swung off the horse and dropped the reins.

"Mind putting Dundy up for me? I've got to get home in a hurry."

Kay could not speak. For Clarke to do this to Dundy! Mr. Todman had suspected him of doing the shooting. Could he have done that, too? But Clarke was a good shot. He—oh, Clarke wouldn't . . . Yet old Dundy here . . .

"Say, you fixed the tire!" Clarke's voice was excited, happy. "Atta girl!"

Kay touched Dundy. Yes, his coat was caked, growing chilly now. He lifted one hoof, as if his leg ached. Kay saw that the shoe was worn off half an inch in front. On top of everything, Clarke had been riding him on a hard road. Clarke!

"You were swell to fix it," Clarke's pleased voice was telling her. "Now I can get away without losing a sec."

A hard road! If he had cut across Fletcher's pasture and then taken two miles of the highway, he would have been home.

"Clarke," she called after him, "did you ride after your camera?"

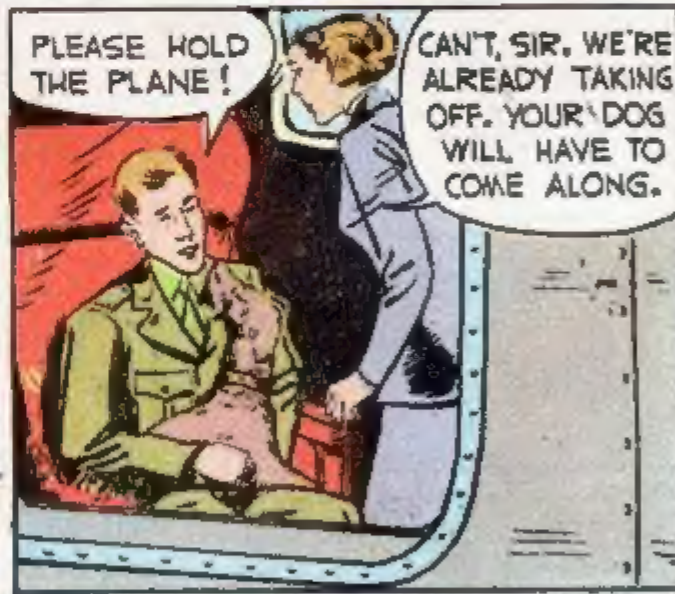
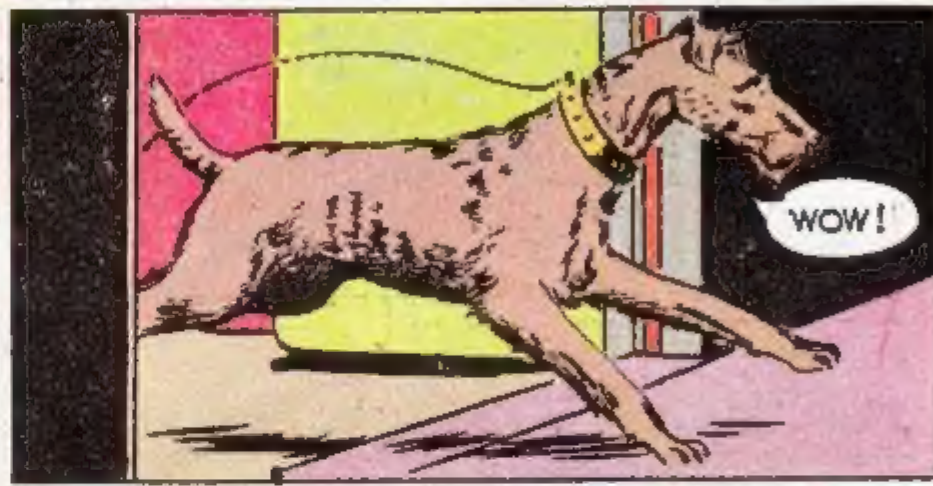
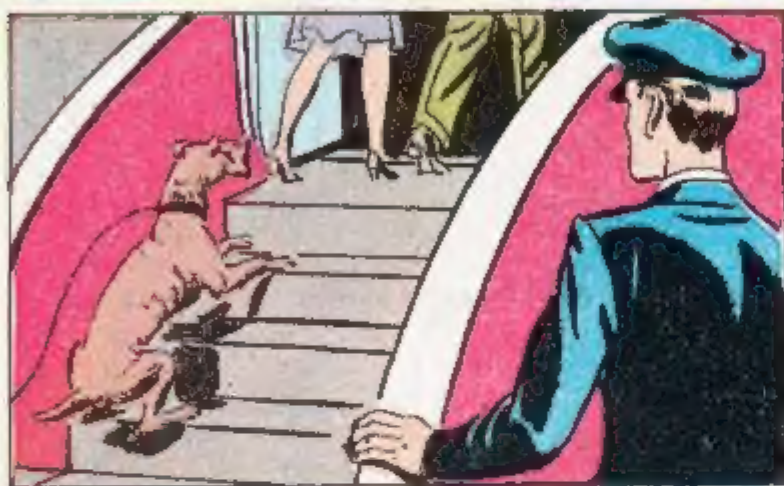
"How did you know? I didn't want to get your hopes up till I found out if I did get a picture to show up Mr. Todman."

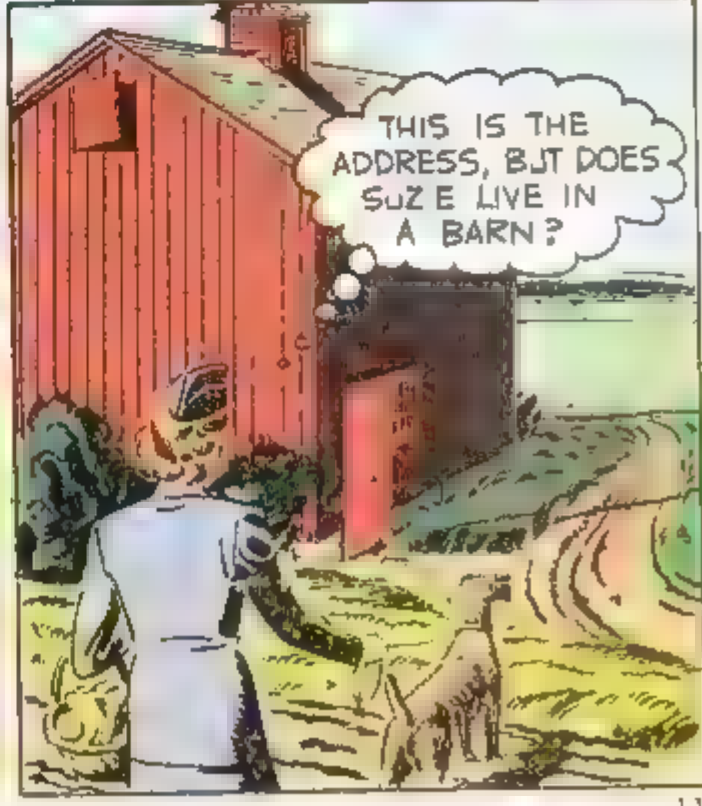
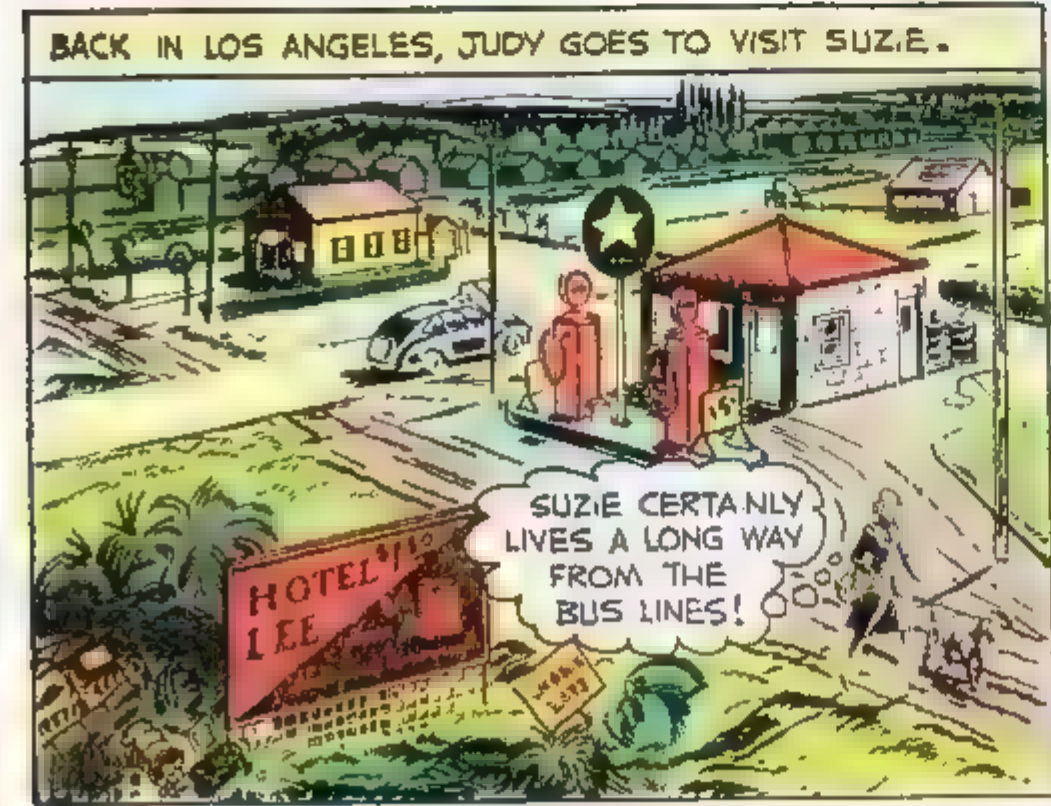
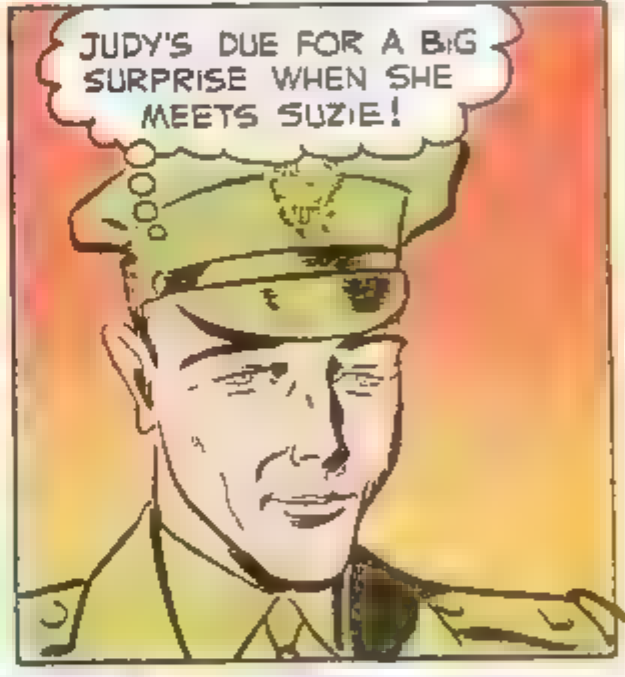
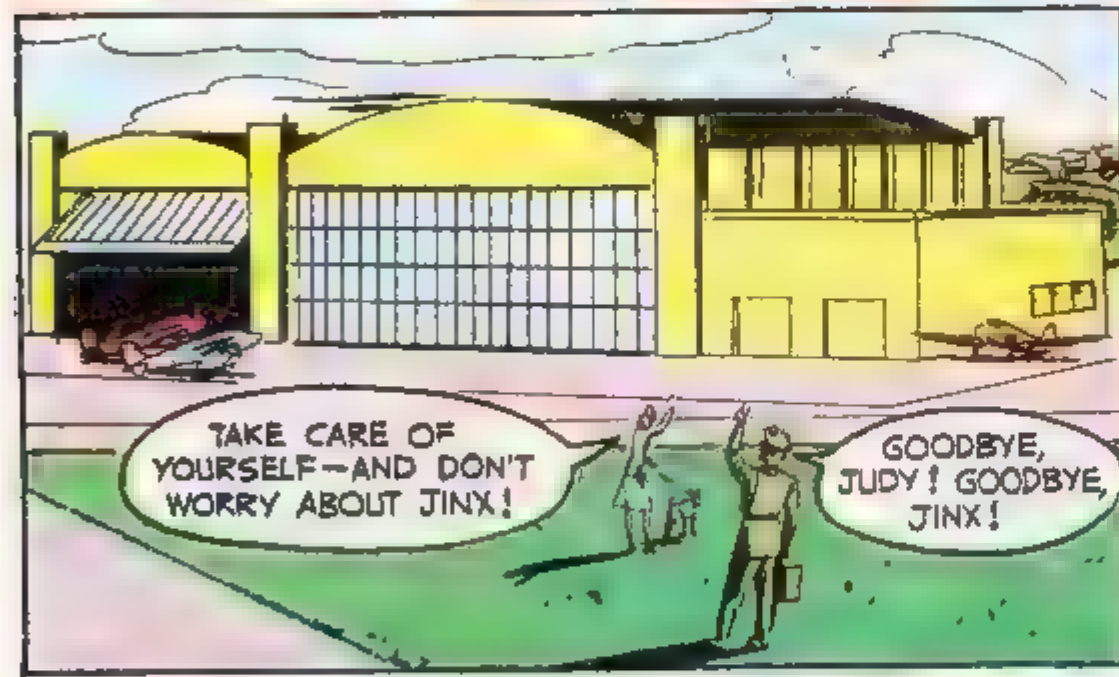
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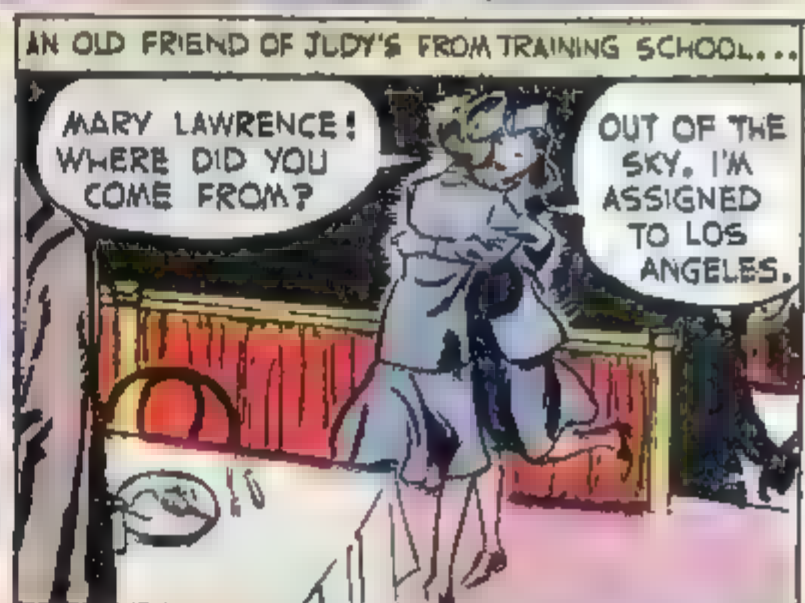
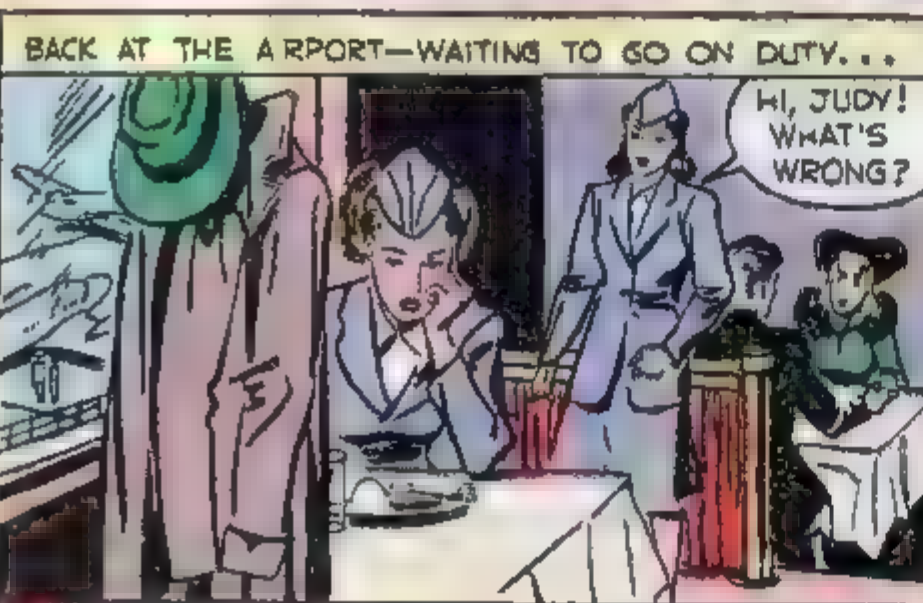
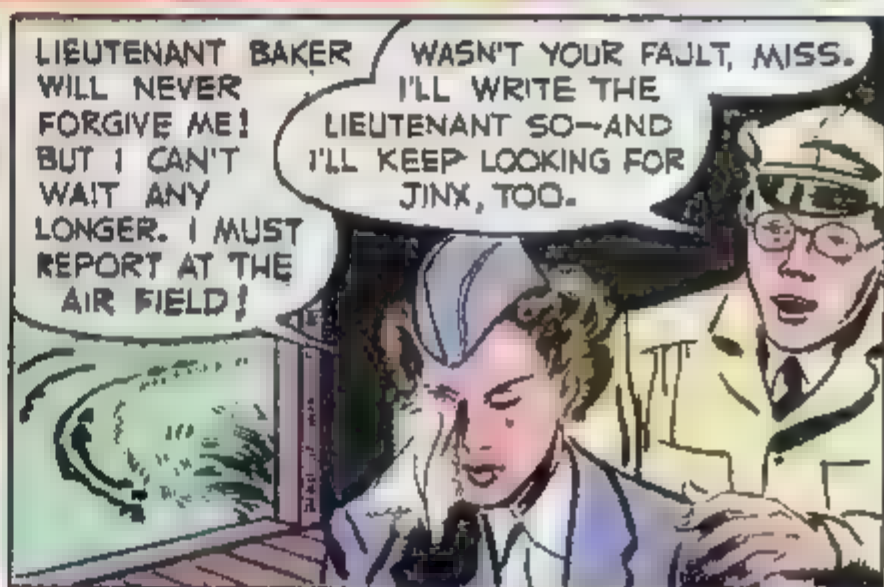
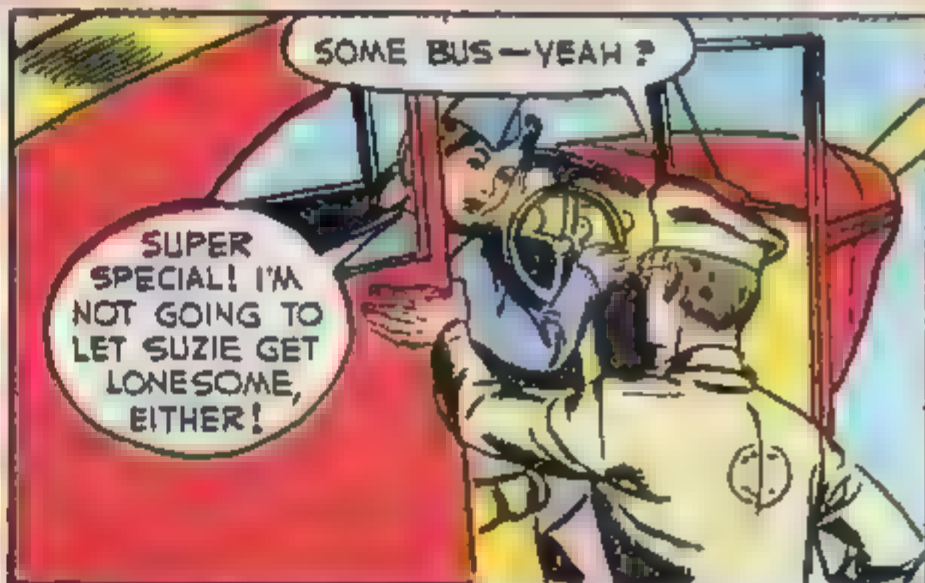
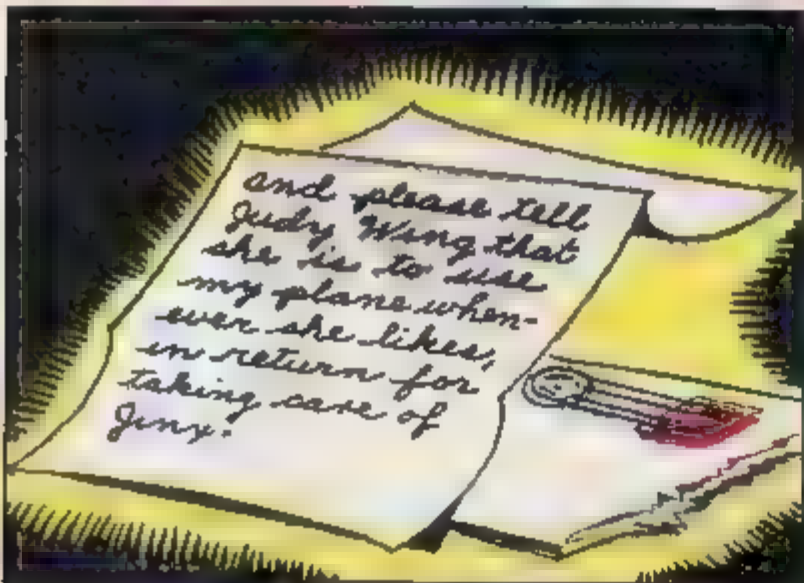
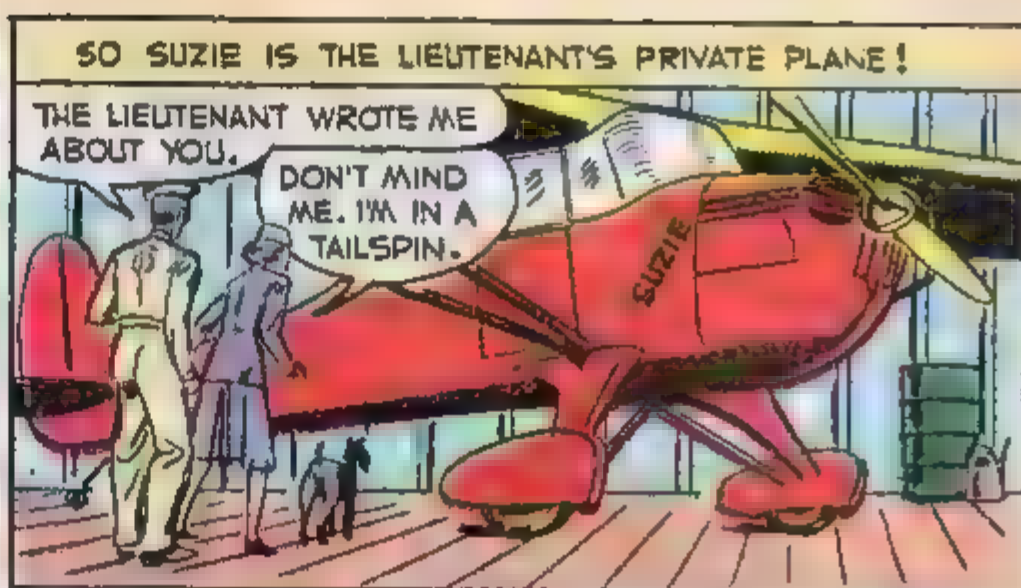
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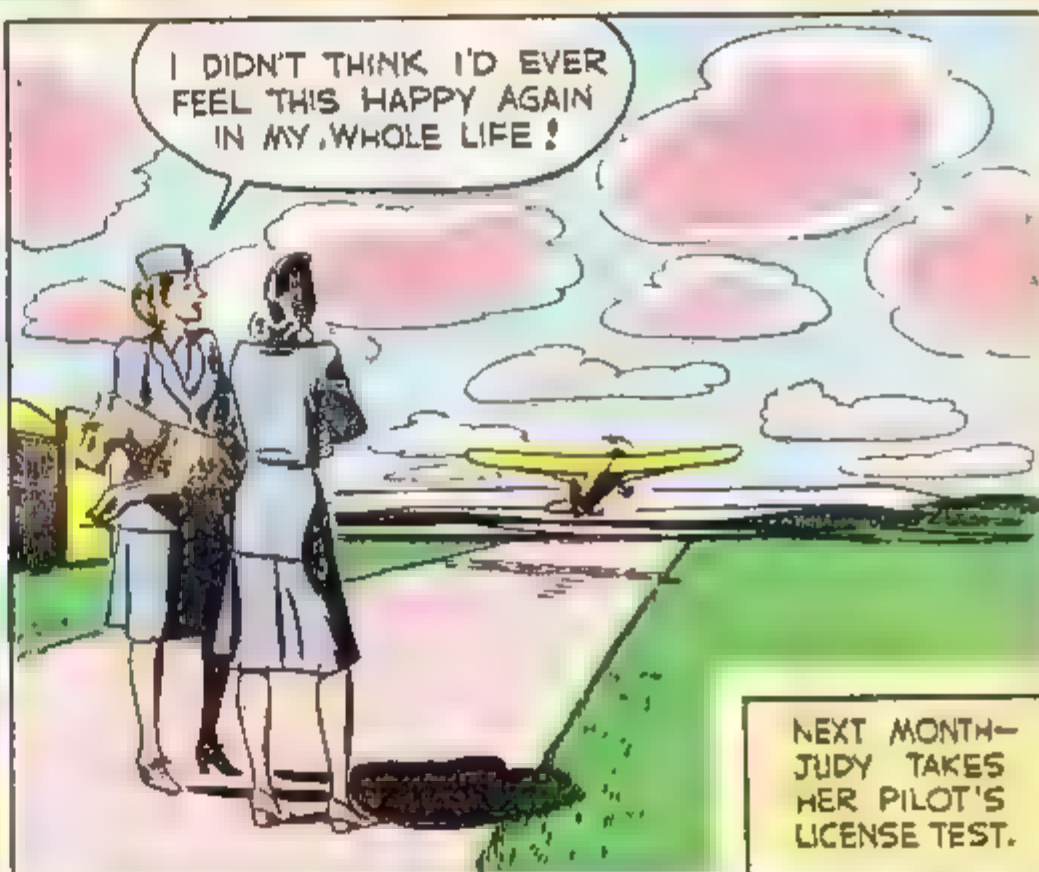
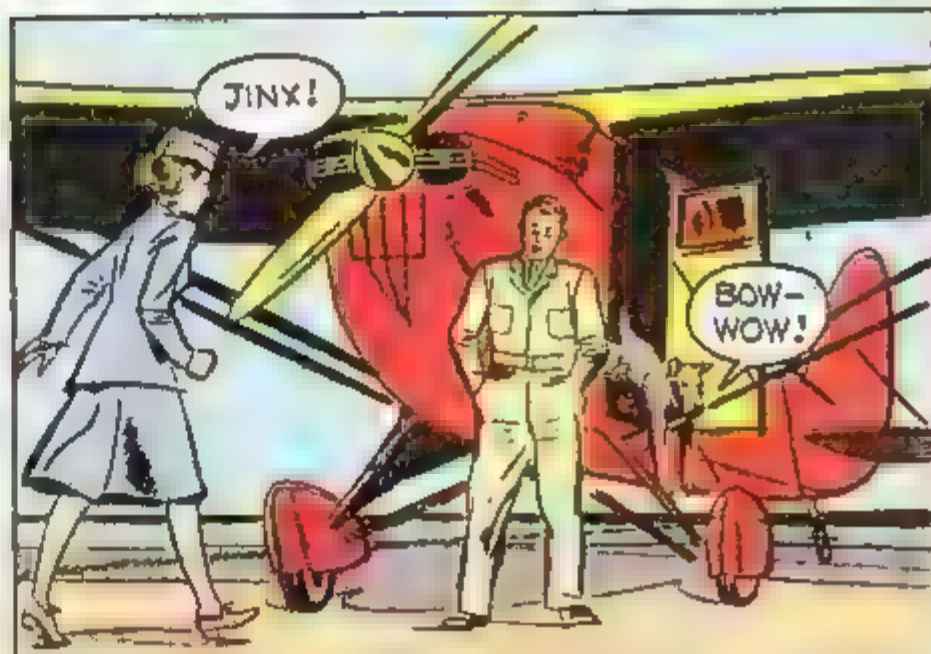
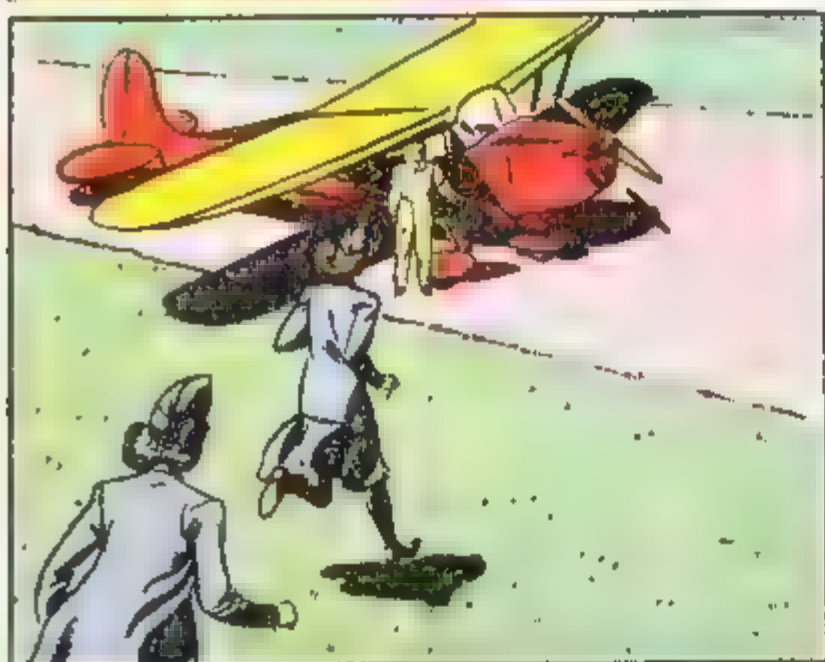
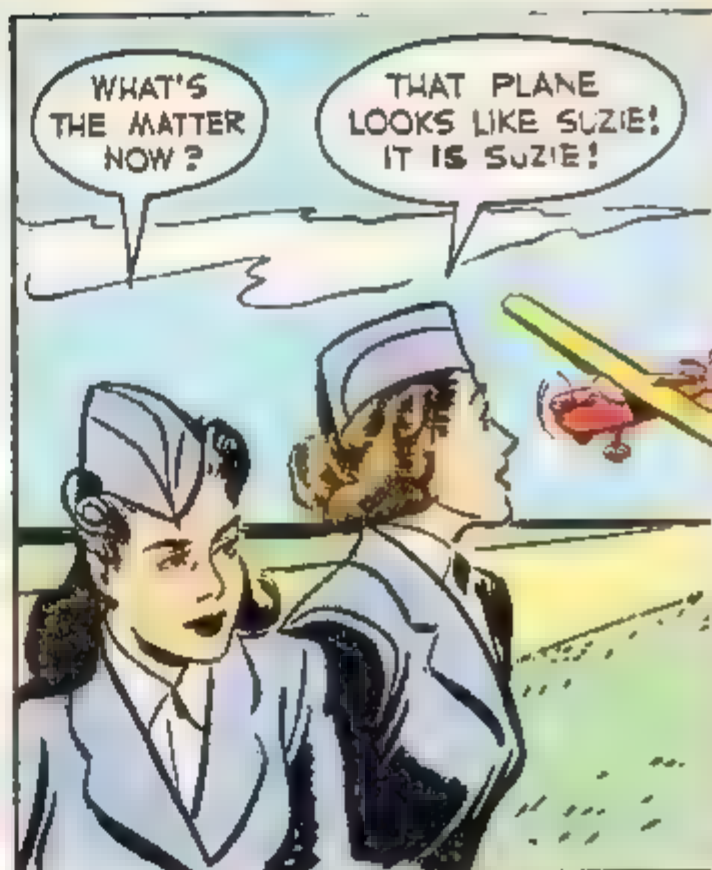
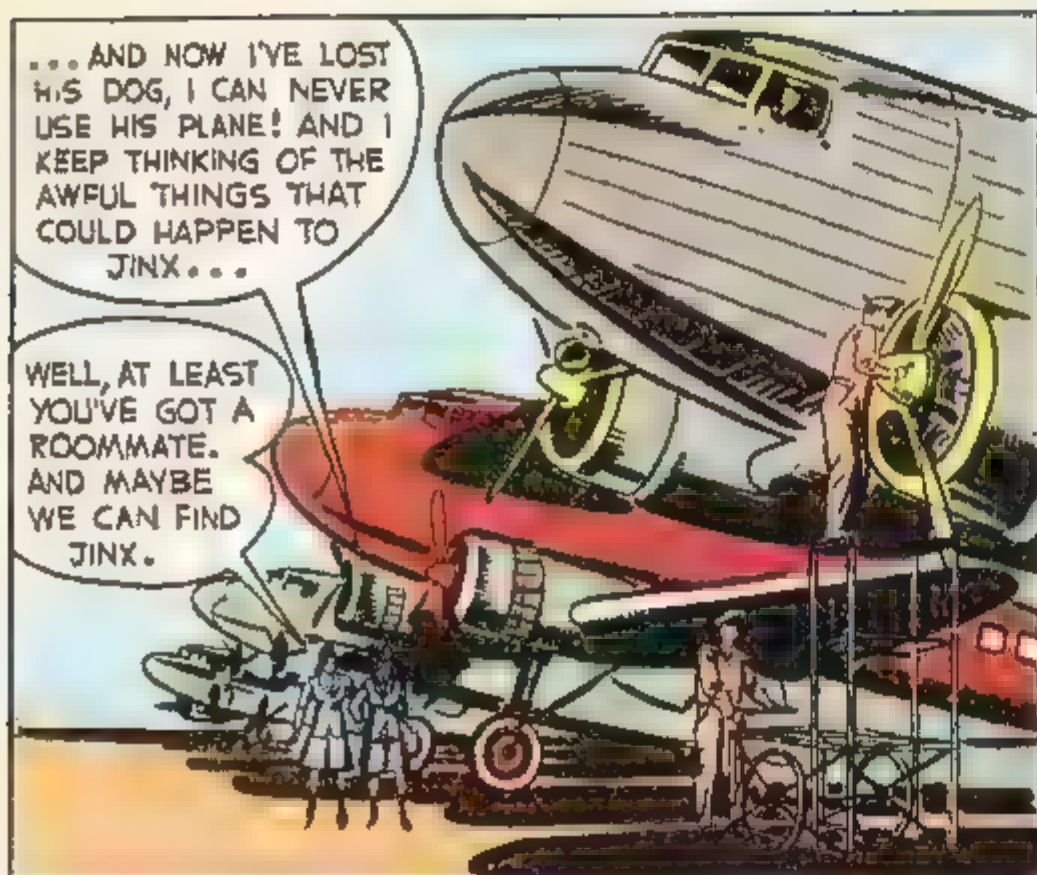
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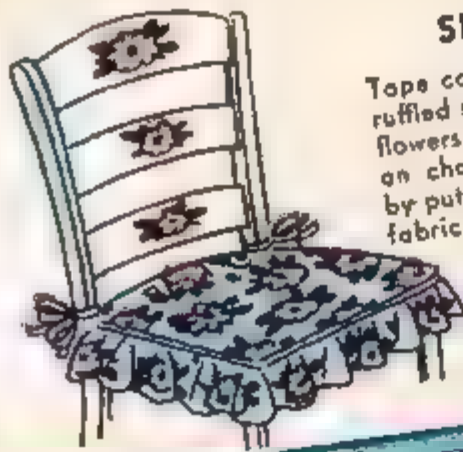








Sugar



SITTING PRETTY

Tape covers the seams and ties this ruffled seat pad onto the chair. Cut flowers from the material and stick on chair back with paper cement, by putting a thin coat of cement on fabric and some on chair. Brush clear lacquer over the cut-outs to fix them for keeps.

They Come out of the Kitchen and into Your Room

FLAVOR your room to suit your taste. The sweet, ruffy touches in dainty pastels suggested here may be yummy to some of you. But if

STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT

Slip covers but with a difference. These are for your lamp and scrap basket—and they really belong on the spicy page. Cut to fit, leaving a scalloped opening down the side. Bias bind the edges and snap together. Star-shaped buttons to match the star print hide the snaps, make the covers look buttoned on.



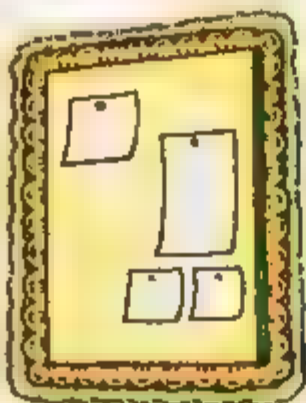
LAVENDER AND LACE

Choose material with big splashy flowers to stretch over the table top. (Stretch tightly and tack under the edge all around.) Gather the skirt and tack on. Run ribbon through eye-let ruffling to finish off this confection. And don't forget the bow on the mirror. Cover the mirror frame with the skirt material, or paint to match.



LOOK AGAIN

It's really a bread-board. Pick the kind that has a colored rim around it and a hole at one end. Then all that's left for you to do is thumbtack two rows of contrasting shelf edging to the back. Presto! A bulletin board, ready to hang up and fill up.

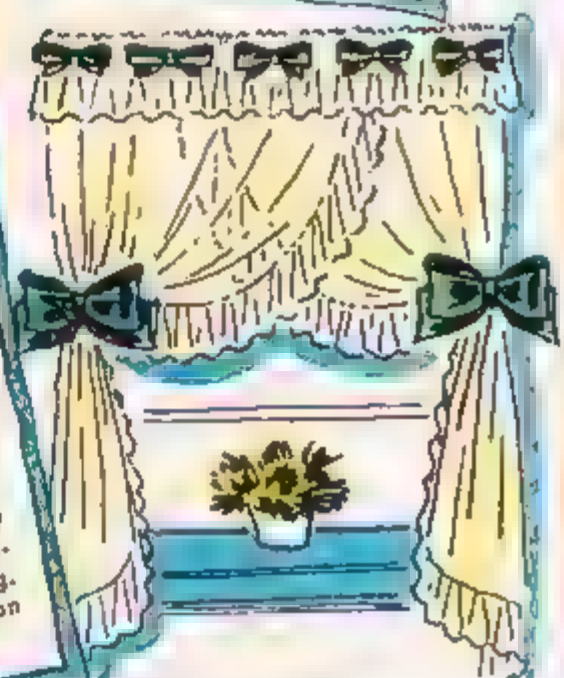


SLIP ONE OVER

Your friends will never recognize the old wastebasket or the ten-cent store shade after you've slip-covered them like this. For both basket and shade (a plain white one) gather the material on tape, sew fringe around the top, and snap together in the back.

FAKE FLOWERS

Make your own pictures with a corsage of artificial posies and a picture frame from the ten-cent store. Remove glass and paste colored paper on the cardboard backing. Attach flowers to this by putting thin coats of paper cement on flowers and on backing. Stiff paper or Cellophane ribbon makes pretty, jaunty bows.



SWEET AND SO SIMPLE

Anybody's ready-made sheer curtains become exclusively your own with the help of a few bows. Sew big, swanky bows on the tie-backs and a row of perky little ones across the top. Match these to a color already in your room, or you can even make them of the same material that you used for a chair cover or something.

and Spice

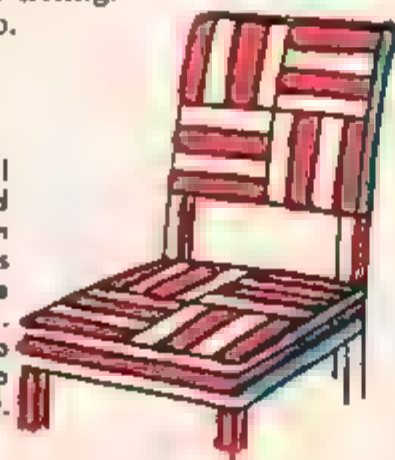
By MARY MARLOW

A young designer who uses ingenuity to make lots out of a little

spice is your dish, turn to trim, tailored tricks in dashing colors. Whichever type tickles your palate, there's a slather of ideas to choose from. Some are as easy to whip up as cream, others take more cutting and fitting. Here's what we've cooked up.

START WITH STRIPES

But end with a design. Use material with wide, bold stripes. Cut up and sew together so that the stripes form a geometric design. The back slips over the chair like a pillow cover; the seat fits snugly down over the edge. Make the side strips extra long to lap over the back chair leg and snap to the back strip for a snug fit.



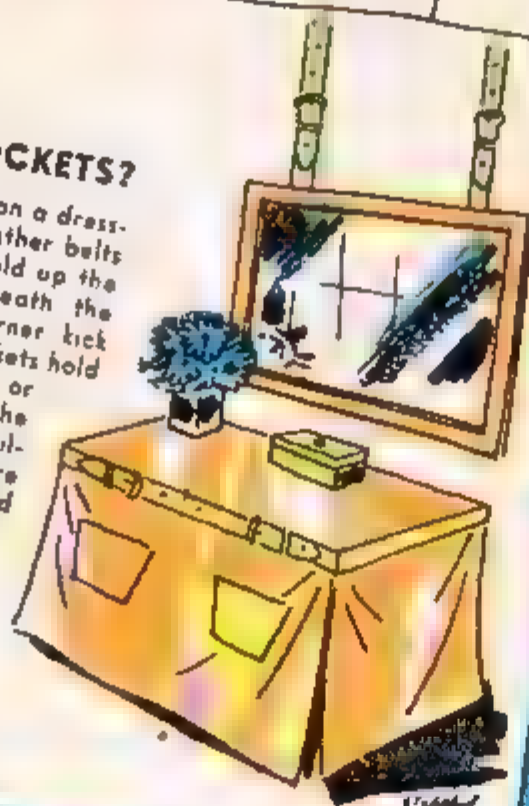
JUST HANDKERCHIEFS, THAT'S ALL!

A row of them stuck over your bed with thumbtacks or paper cement at the corners do the quickest pepping-up job you ever saw. And it's just as easy to whisk off the old, whisk on the new when you want a change of scenery. Of course you would use gay, bright ones with colored borders—peasant patterns, for instance.



WHY NOT BELTS AND POCKETS?

It's still a skirt, even on a dressing table. Patent leather belts buckle together to hold up the skirt (tucked underneath the belts), which has corner kick pleats for fullness. Pockets hold bobby pins, comb, or what not. Cover the table top with shiny oilcloth. Hide with more belts the wires that hold up the mirror.



STOP! LOOK! AND REMEMBER

Felt wrapped around a slab of wallboard makes a bulletin board for your forget-me-not notes. Letters for the title are cut out and glued or sewed on. Bright colored thumbtacks to tack up the notes you write you—and he writes you. Snapshots, programs, and your favorite jokes, too.



FOR THE SCOTCH IN YOU

The real punch here is in bandannas cut from the plaid and knotted around the rod. Draperies themselves are just straight lengths, hemmed and headed for the rod to go through. Scotch tip: spend extra cents on enough inexpensive material to hang in deep, full folds, and get that dollars-a-yard look.





Willy's face was stern as, through tight lips, she cried, "I do not want anyt'ing. I do not sell!"

In friendship and in sports, it is the surest way of all to reach your goal. But was Linda going to be able to learn this in time?

By ADELE DE LEEUW

Author of "A Place for Herself," "Career for Jennifer," and other books for girls

LINDA HAYES stood in the center of the cabin and looked around with stormy eyes.

"You'll have to take the other upper bunk," Miss Gorman had said, just before she left. "Because you're the last, you see. The other girls will show you around."

Linda thought angrily, "I'm

going to hate it! I didn't want to come in the first place."

Coming to camp to learn to swim! It was a horrid way to spend a vacation, instead of being with the family at Stockbridge. And she could swim the length of the school pool and back. But you had to do it four times to get your point. If she didn't have that point she

couldn't graduate. And all last term she hadn't made any progress; she couldn't seem to get beyond that one round trip.

"You hurry too much," her instructor kept telling her. "Take it easy; don't rush so. You lose all your wind."

She knew what was back of her rushing. When she was first learning to swim someone had pushed her off the diving board as a joke. She had fallen in backward, choked, and almost drowned. From that time on she'd had a struggle even to get herself to go into the water; achieving that first round trip had been a triumph. But to go further was beyond

her. It was crazy of her parents to send her up here just because they'd heard the swimming teacher was a whiz who could get anybody to do anything in the water.

"She won't get me to swim far," Linda muttered under her breath. "I can't, and I know it, and it's silly to keep trying."

Her three roommates piled into the cabin then, stopped short, and suddenly were all talking at once. "This is Sue. I'm Patty. This is Fran. Where did you pop in from? You're late, aren't you? Move over, Fran, and we'll clear a space for her things."

They were lively and friendly. They bundled their stuff together and made room for hers, helped her unpack, exclaimed over her fine hand-sewn mocassins.

"Oh, gosh, there's the bell. I'm starved!"

"Come along, Linda. Are you hungry? You'll be at our table."

"No, I'm not hungry," she said stiffly. But they scarcely heard her, sweeping her along, introducing her to other girls. The open eating pavilion was bedlam. Linda was wedged in between Fran and Sue at a long table. There were so many girls. They looked nice, most of them, and almost alike. No, there was one who was decidedly different. Linda found herself staring.

The girl had a round face with bright blue eyes, and tow-colored hair made into two fat braids and wound in big circles over her ears. Heavens, think of wearing your hair that way! And she had on a blue serge skirt—why, nobody wore a skirt like that!—and a sort of middy blouse and an old torn sweater. An orange scarf was knotted under her collar.

She was different. She didn't belong; it was queer how you could tell. But she seemed to be enjoying herself. Linda

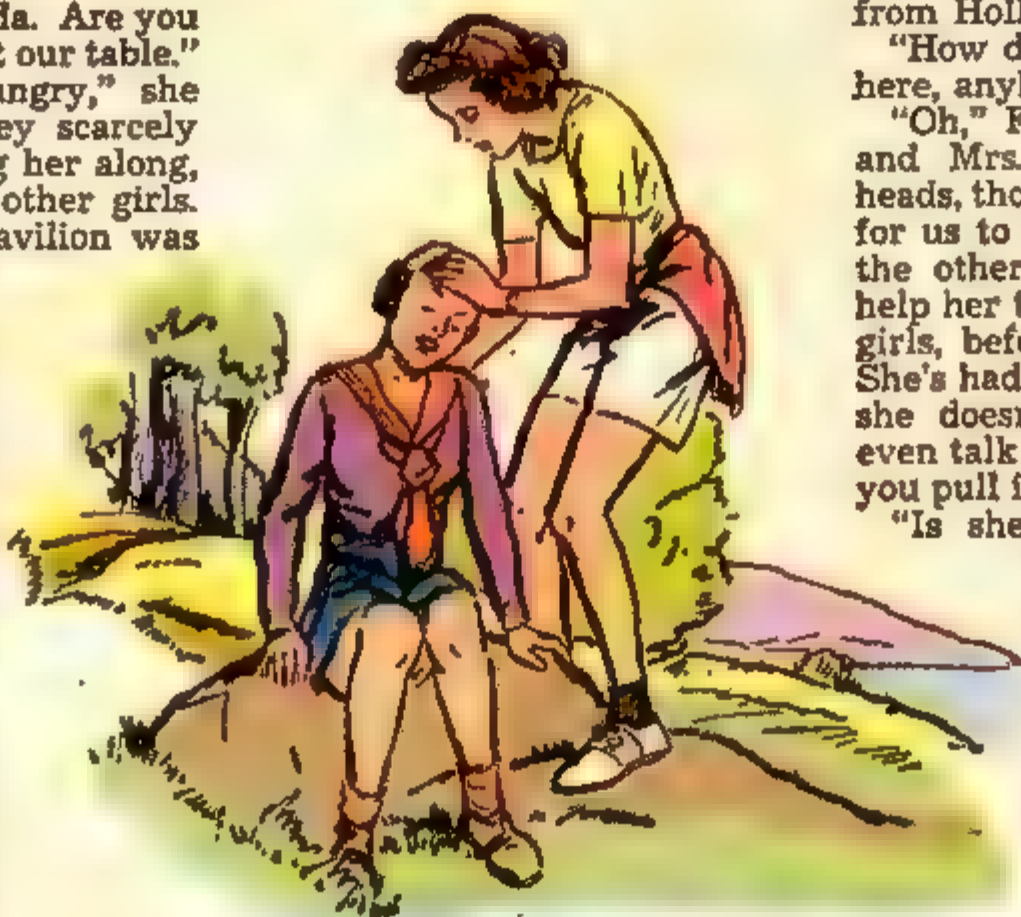
knew it wasn't good manners, but she couldn't help staring. The girl was holding her fork in her left hand, tines curved down instead of up, and she was piling cut-up pieces of meat and potatoes and vegetables on the back of it with her knife. While Linda watched, the girl carried the whole thing neatly to her mouth and began on another load. "Good grief!" Linda exploded. "Look at the way she eats!"

"Who?" Fran flung over her shoulder. "Oh—you mean Willy?"

"Willy?"

"Short for Wilhelmina. Wilhelmina van den Berg. She comes from Holland."

Well, maybe that explained the tow-colored hair and blue eyes; it might even explain the queer clothes and manner of holding her fork.



Willy's voice was queer and scared. Linda ran to her, felt her forehead.

"But the amount she eats!" Linda cried. It was amazing. She'd already had four glasses of milk, and two helpings of meat, and was reaching for her sixth biscuit. There was a sudden lull, and Linda's voice rose above everything else. "She's a perfect pig!"

"Ssh," Fran cautioned. Willy lifted her head sharply, looked in their direction. Her face flooded with color. Fran smiled quickly, and Linda lowered her eyes. There was an awkward pause. Everyone knew she had heard—Linda most of all.

"More milk, Willy?" Sue asked, passing the pitcher.

Willy's face broke into a slow smile. "Please, thank you. It is good, this milk. Like milk from a Friesland cow almost!"

The girls laughed, partly to cover their embarrassment, partly because the way Willy put words together was a never-ending source of amusement. But she kept right on trying.

"Going to show us your things after lunch, aren't you, Willy?" Pat demanded.

"Sure," Willy smiled at them. "Or, how you say, okay."

"What things?" Linda asked.

"Some things she brought from Holland."

"How does she happen to be here, anyhow?"

"Oh," Fran said easily, "Mr and Mrs. Crispin, the camp heads, thought it would be good for us to meet somebody from the other side. And it would help her to mix with American girls, before she starts school. She's had a tough time, though she doesn't complain; doesn't even talk much about it, unless you pull it out of her."

"Is she poor?" Linda was thinking of the torn sweater and the serge skirt.

"I think they had plenty in Holland. But they were bombed out when war came, and they fled to England, and then—oh, Linda, you ought to hear about

her trip to America! Three weeks in a convoy, and then torpedoed in midwinter, and she had to spend two days in a lifeboat with nothing to eat but dry biscuits and water. And she—come on, everybody's done."

So Willy was a Dutch refugee, finding a new place for herself in a strange country.

Linda felt ashamed; a little angry, too, that she hadn't

known before. She must have sounded like a drip. She thought swiftly, "I'll be extra nice to her and make up, if she'll let me."

Willy acknowledged the girls' introduction of Linda with a stiff little bow. "How you do," she said primly. "Will you sit, please? I will show you what I haf." Her suitcase was a cheap fiber one. She opened it solemnly with a key from a ribbon around her neck. There was a beautifully bound little Bible. And a silver pin in intricate design—"From Middelburg that comes," she told them proudly, "from the long ago. And these," "These," were her beads, a string of perfect, lovely carnelians, cut in facets and graduated in size from the center one as big as a walnut to the end ones no larger than peas, fastened together with a scalloped gold clasp. She held them up and the light struck them to orange fire.

Linda reached for them eagerly, held them close around

Willy snatched the necklace away, put it back in the suitcase, snapped the lid. Her lips were tight. "I do not sell!" she cried. "You cannot buy. They are mine."

"I know, but—but, why not, for goodness sake?"

"They are my mother's." Willy whisked an angry hand across her eyes. "My mother—who is dead! Nefer will I sell them, nefer!"

Somehow the girls got out, Linda in their midst. "Well, for Pete's sake, how was I to know?" Linda said shrilly.

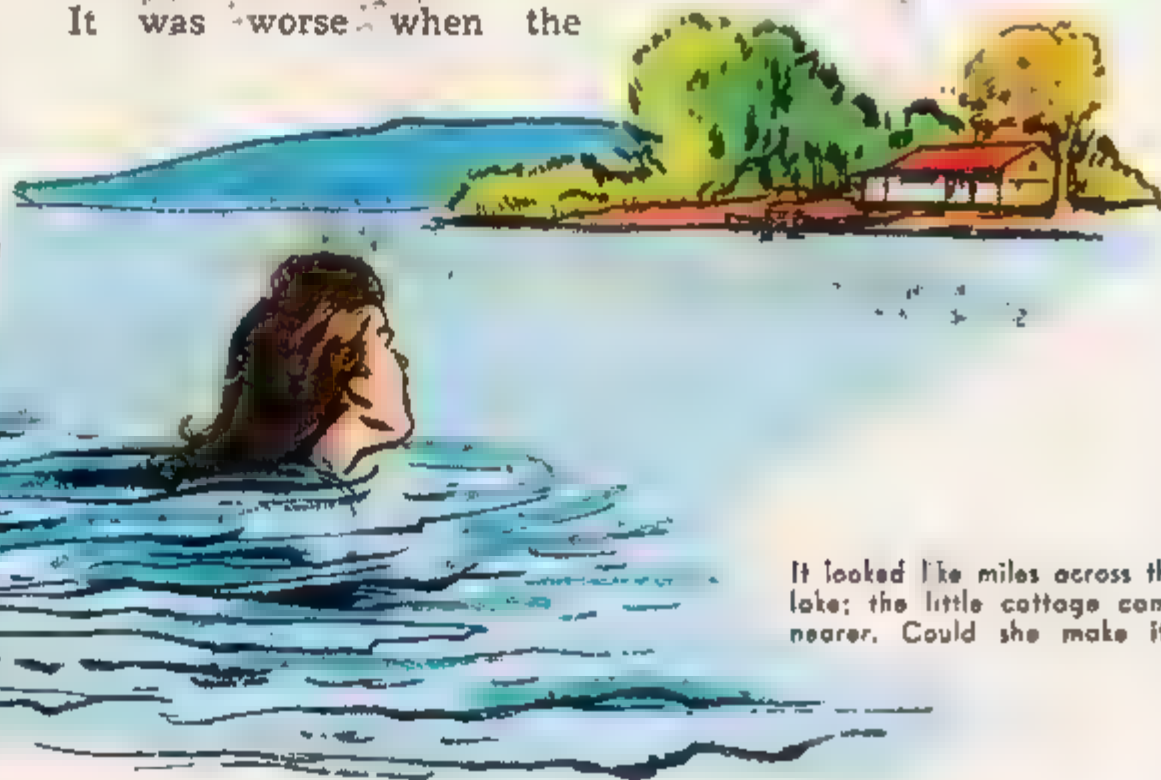
And now Willy hated her. And Willy had made her feel as if she were covered with poison ivy. She wished she had never come to this place!

It was worse when the

all she could see was her goal and she hurried toward it.

She welcomed the all-day botany hike. Anything to get out of two swimming lessons! Miss Gorman said briskly, "Willy will go with you, Linda, and you'll be in charge." Linda's heart sank. She didn't want to have Willy. Miss Gorman had done this purposely. They were to break up into twos, each following a marked trail to the Hut-in-the-Woods, where they were to meet for lunch. And on the way they were supposed to collect wildflower specimens and put them in the bottles they carried.

It was going to be a swell day—oh, swell, having someone



It looked like miles across the lake; the little cottage came nearer. Could she make it?

her throat. "They're gorgeous!" she said warmly. Willy smiled and flushed. "You like them?"

"They're simply swell!" Linda said. She had a sudden, breathtaking idea. These would be just the thing for her mother's birthday. Here she'd been cracking her head what in the world she could get her, stuck up in the wilds this way; and this was the answer. Willy was poor, wasn't she? She'd probably be glad to sell them.

"I'll buy them," she said, leaning forward. "I'm crazy about them. How much do you want?"

Willy stood up; her smile was gone and her face stern. "I do not want anyting."

"Oh, come on! I've got to have them, and I'll give you..."

dreaded swimming hour came at four. Linda struggled, but it was no use. She was panting and exhausted after ten minutes. Miss Gorman didn't urge her. "First we'll learn to float," she said comfortably. Confidence was the first essential, she said. Once you knew you could rest whenever you wanted to, nothing was hard. She didn't hurry Linda. It would come in time.

Linda was cold and miserable. She loathed getting winded and panicky; and every time she went in it happened.

After two weeks she was practically no better. "Rest. Don't hurry. Take it easy." But

who didn't like you trailing in your wake and having to take care of her! Linda had a notion not to go at all—say she had a headache or something. But if she stayed back she'd have swimming. Oh, well! Tonight she'd write the family that she was fed up with the place and wanted to leave.

The day was hot and sticky, and almost at once they shed sweaters and tied them around their waists. Willy had eaten a tremendous breakfast. "To go all days in the woods?" she had cried. "I must be strong!"

She darted along the narrow trail, up and down the slopes, (Continued on page 36)



1 2

1—A princess joins the ranks. H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth was among the 200,000 British sixteen-year-olds who registered under the youth registration scheme. Wearing the uniform of a Girl Guide, Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor signed her form at a labor exchange.

2—Wings for America. Students of Isaac E. Young High School, New Rochelle, N. Y., build wooden model planes to be used in teaching aircraft spotters recognition of military aircraft. Students clamor for this course.
New York Herald Tribune Photo

3—Outdoor Serenade. Patricia Brown of Fargo, N.D., practically lives with her saxophone at the National Music Camp, Interlochen, Mich. National Music Campers enjoy

all the usual fun of camp life but, like Pat, their consuming interest is music—all kinds. The campers broadcast once weekly over NBC.
Lucien Auger Photo

4—Seafaring Scouts. Two Girl Scout mariners of the "Whaler" unit of Greenwich, Conn., learn to operate a telephone switchboard. The girls enjoy this landlubber's job because it will make them useful to welfare and war agencies.

5—"Once upon a time . . ." Girls of Stuyvesant Neighborhood House, New York, listen spellbound to their first lesson in dramatizing nursery tales from Irene Wicker, radio's Story-telling Lady. The girls plan to amuse and entertain young children during air raids.
World Telegram Photo by Steigall



4 5

What Do You Say?

And how do you say it? Your voice and words can be good-will ambassadors, making smooth your relations with the public

By ELEANOR BOYKIN

Author of "This Way, Please: A Book of Manners".



The telephone quizzer thinks she's too, too cute—but she's the only one who thinks so.

PAW-DON me," says a smartly turned-out young miss as she sails through the bus, jabbing her elbow deep into the back of an innocent straphanger. She says it loftily, expecting him to be impressed by her "grand manner."

A moment later, another girl slips by to get out and jiggles a man's newspaper. "I'm sorry," she says quietly.

Which of the two apologies receives disgruntled glances and which brings forth answering smiles? Of course, the simpler apology is the McCoy and seems to come from more than just the lips. You could say "Pardon me" and be really sorry for having inconvenienced another, but the expression has been kicked about and particular people never use it, just as they don't say, "Pleased to meet you."

If you see that you can't avoid a discourtesy, as when you must sidle past people in a movie theater, ask forgiveness first with a contrite "Excuse me." In this instance, however, if a big scene is on and your muttered apology might drown out what He says to Her, silence may be the bet-

ter part of politeness. If you simply must ask Mother while she is talking to Cousin Kate if you may go swimming, "Excuse me" is the proper interruption-opener.

Don't get the idea that the word "pardon" is poison. If you're so absorbed in thoughts of the midsummer festival that you just hear the tail-end of what Dad was asking you, "I beg your pardon?" will do as well as "What did you say?" or "I'm sorry; I didn't understand you," for a repeat-request. You might ask, "What is that?" but it's downright lazy to open your teeth just far enough to let trickle out, "Whazzat?" or "Wha' say?" If you go in for breath rationing to such an extent that you fall back on "Huh?" let this be only with your younger friends. Never use "How?"

Great-great-great grandmother doubtless used rags for washing faces and dishes, but neatly bound facecloths and dishcloths are used nowadays, so it's out of place to call them "washrags" or "dishrags." Guard, too, against such slips as "anywheres" for anywhere, or "widow woman" for widow.

Cooks, washerwomen, maids, and other servants certainly are a help to a family, but they are people; not "help." It's bad taste to call them "hired help" or "the help." And even though you're bubbling over to tell Mother about the new clergyman, remember to call him "Mr Good" or, if he has the title, "Dr. Good"—never, oh never, "The Reverend."

The worried little office boy

who slipped a timid note under his employer's nose, "Honored Sir, yer pants is ripped," was weak in grammar and didn't know that "trousers," not "pants," is the proper word, but he did know better than to address a man as "Mister." And the chances are that he wouldn't have addressed a woman, either in speaking or in writing, merely as "Miss" or "Lady." The only thing you can say, if you must use a title for a woman whose name you do not know (as you will seldom have to do) is "Madam." No, "Miss" won't do for a waitress. Attract her attention by giving her a come-hither look or, if she is not in sight, ask a passing waitress to send her to you.



Smooth as parfait is her response to his compliment, which proves she deserved it.



Which apology made the best impression—the one in the grand manner or the simple one? See the passengers' faces and judge for yourself

Then there's the problem of accepting compliments graciously. "Thank you," said with a smile, is really sufficient acknowledgment when you are praised or congratulated, but if you use it all the time you'll sound like a phonograph record. And sometimes just a "Thank you" hardly seems responsive enough.

Responses which are your very own are better than those learned by heart, but here are some examples as suggestions:

Ted: You were a knockout in the play, Eileen.

You: Aren't you nice to tell me that? I was afraid I was a drip

If you reply, "Oh, no, I wasn't; I was terrible," you appear to accuse Ted of being untruthful or of not knowing what he is talking about.

Ned: You look pretty spiffy this afternoon.

You: I'm awfully glad you think so.

He'll be sorry he spoke if you say, "You know you don't mean that."

How is your telephone tact? Do you develop a Hitler-complex when you get a wrong number, and burst out dictatorially, "Hang up!" instead of saying, "I'm sorry," and then hanging up yourself to break the connection? Do you ever ask the person who answers your call, "Who is this?" That's not fair when you haven't revealed your identity, and you might have the wrong number anyway. To start right, let your business be known at once: "May I speak to Katrina?" Or, if you think you recognize the voice, "Is this Julie?"

The booby prize for telephone talk should go to Mysterious Myrtle, who likes to begin in her most bewitching voice, "I

bet you don't know who this is!" or "Guess who this is." It's so cute, she thinks, to fool her friends, and, if they'll play the game, sometimes she can find out who calls them up. If you don't want her to trap you, you can good-naturedly reply, "No, I haven't any idea who it is. Do you care to tell me?" If you have an inkling as to who is baiting you, you can speak right up. "Why, Myrtle, what do you think this is, April Fool's Day?" But don't use a name unless you are sure.

Check over once in a while the expressions you use often. Imagine how they sound to other people; consider whether they are really good English and in good taste. Without cramping your style, you may smooth out some bumpy spots in your speech. Then you need never again wail, "Why do I always say the wrong thing?"



Technicians spray a foggy night on a sound stage by using mineral oil, highly compressed air and a spray gun

Into that never-never land of make-believe where nothing is impossible and the fantastic is real

By DIXIE WILLSON

Author of "Hollywood Starlet" and "Hostess of the Skyways"

WOULD you like to watch the making of a movie? Would you like to know just how many people were engaged in producing the next picture you will see at your neighborhood theater? All right. Let's go. Shut your eyes, count three—and here we are in Hollywood!

Your first surprise will be to find Hollywood quite like any other city of 170,000 people. You might live there for years without seeing a picture star or a scene in the making. On the other hand, once in a great

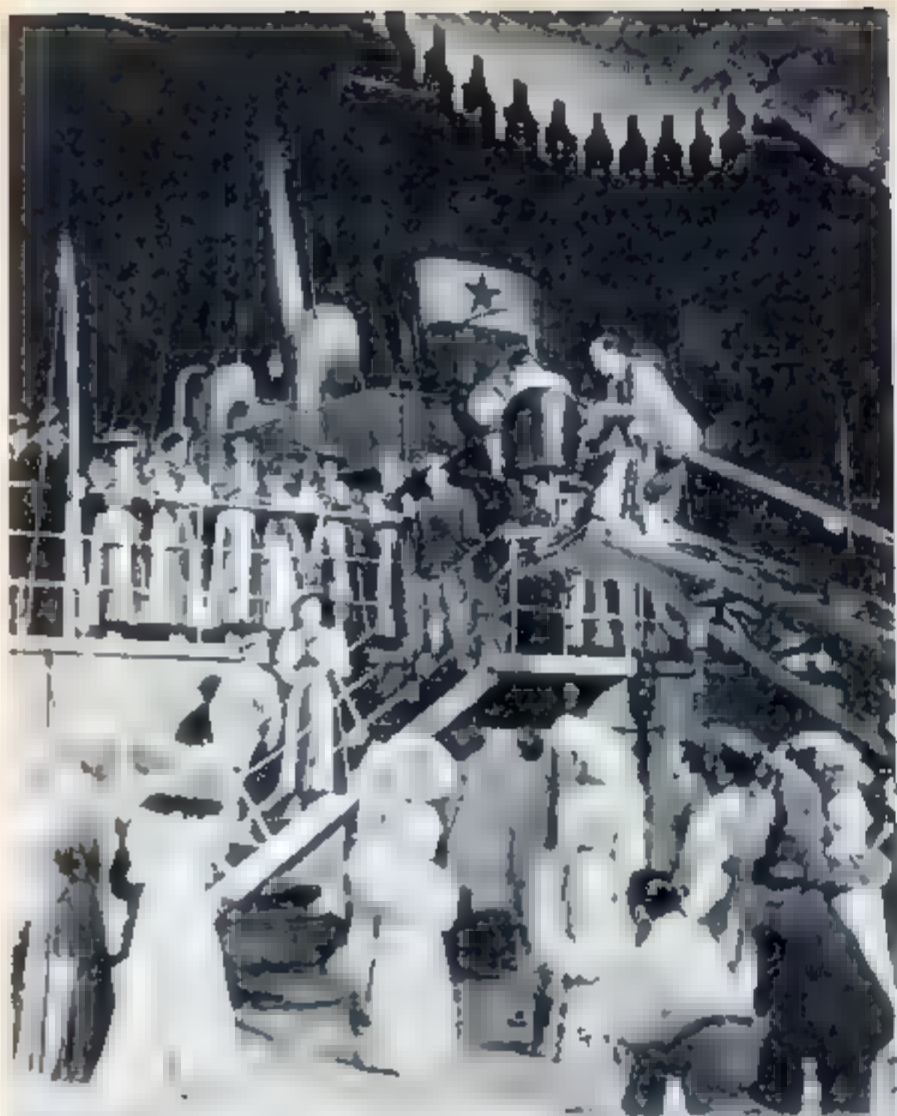
while, you do see a company "shooting." Today we are in luck, for that little crowd of people on the side street just off busy Sunset Boulevard can only mean a picture at work.

In canvas chairs we shall find a script girl who records each scene as it is made, and a dialogue doctor in case lines need changing; also an attendant from the make-up department, one from wardrobe, and one from hairdressing, each of them taking careful account of the star's appearance. And on that fancy truck travel

ing up and down the block are the camera and the cameraman, the director and his assistant.

But let us visit one of the studios. Each is enclosed within the boundaries of office buildings and stage walls, a private little world of paved streets, patches of lawns and flowers, upholstery shops, plaster, tin, glass, cabinet, and hardware shops, and the great dome-roofed sound stages. Four major studios are in the heart of town. Five are from four to eight miles away.

On the lot we meet actors in every sort of costume, hurrying along to one of the stages from wardrobe, or make-up, or the commissary, or the dressing rooms. It looks like an enchanting life—and it is. But it has another side, too. There are



many days when a picture actor goes ~~home~~ so tired he forgets all about the thrill and the glamour.

A special feature picture is called a "biggie" and costs just about one million dollars. Just about 3,500 people worked on "Reap the Wild Wind," a recent biggie. Five hundred of these are actors and extras; and as for the others about three thousand persons are on a major lot's daily pay roll, each of them with some part in every picture turned out by that studio.

Shall we look in at Stage Seven, where, for a good "let's pretend," we'll have Joan Leshe and Joel McCrea working in "Mr. Miles Standish"? Joan is a little Puritan, Joel McCrea is dressed in the fringed jacket and coonskin hat of a scout. Puritan "extras" and Indians are idling



These six starlets find the studio lot a place of never-ending enchantment.

about waiting the director's call. The set is a little community of log cabins built upon ground which was trucked in and sodded a week ago. On the sidelines are the ever-present canvas chairs for attendants and actors. The floor is a mesh of light cables.

Nearby, in Joan Leslie's portable dressing-room, that young lady is now engaged with her school-teacher and a geometry book. Chatting with Mr. McCrea is a visitor who is taking a few moments off from work on another set—lovely Ann Sheridan, dressed in pale pink chiffon, spangled slippers, and a white fox cape which would look out of place in the middle of a morning, excepting that nothing is out of place on a movie lot.

Top—The cameras catch James Cagney and Joan Leslie in a gay musical number for Warner Brothers' "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Middle—"The little red schoolhouse" on the studio lot is not a set. Actresses and actors under eighteen must continue their studies. Bottom—In Hollywood, trees bloom the year round—plaster trees, of course, with artificial leaves and blossoms added by the green crew.

Warner Brothers Photos

Now while the light men (called "gaffers") and the workmen (called "grips") are busy getting ready for Miss Leslie and Mr. McCrea, perhaps you'd like to hear how three thousand persons are concerned with the making of a picture, when a little handful of workmen and actors are the only persons in evidence.

First, the story was recommended by studio readers. After due consideration it was then purchased by "front office" executives, after which it was made into scenes and dialogue by the writers. The research department checked on every detail of manners and customs representing the period of the story. Each department head submitted a budget covering the cost of his own part in production. First came a budget from the crafts shop, for building sets as blueprinted and made in miniature by the draftsmen of the art department. Then a set dresser's budget for supplying detail. Then costume sketches, okayed by producer and director and turned over to the workshops. Then a list of goods from the prop department. (For "The Good Earth" this list necessitated a journey to China where entire small farms were purchased and brought back to the last stone to be reconstructed in California.)

The music department's budget concerns numbers and orchestral arrangements. Publicity assembles a press book of interesting facts. The hair-dressing and make-up department reports on wigs and special "faces" called for. Light men work out particular effects. And finally, featured players, and extras are engaged.

There are tricks in all trades, but probably more in this trade than in any other. Scenes aboard a train or in an automobile are made inside the studio against moving backgrounds. The "train shaker" is the specialist who sees to it that the spring-mounted vehicle in which the actors sit has exactly the proper movement. There is the icicle maker who also makes

barnacles for ships. The agers make new clothes and new furniture look old, by a specially developed process using rocks, sandpaper, and acid. There is the moon specialist, the fog machine man, and the snow maker. If bricks are to be thrown, loaves of bread are baked to resemble bricks. The "brick baker" also supplies window panes made out of great sheets of clear sugar candy, when an actor is scheduled to fall through one of them and glass would be dangerous. The tailwagger sits on a platform above the set and with a fish hook and line manipulates the movement of a mechanical tail such as the lion's in "The Wizard of Oz." The battle stager plants fireworks about the studio battlefield and sets them off with an electric button.

After a day's shooting the laboratory gets busy and works all night developing miles of film. Later the cutting depart-

ment takes over the all-important job of splicing scenes according to the original script.

Four minutes of satisfactory film is a good day's work, since preparation, rehearsals, and retakes require so much time.

After from eight to sixteen weeks in work, a completed picture is properly cut, spliced, and musically synchronized. Then follows the thrilling Hollywood premiere, limousines rolling up to deliver famous stars at the curb, crowds applauding, searchlights sweeping across the sky.

And is this all? But no indeed. The most important "detail" in this picture's production is *your* part of it. For you are the public and it is public approval alone which makes or breaks a star; which establishes one type of picture as successful and another as taboo. And so, under the bright California sun, countless tinsel worlds are built and rebuilt just for you.

Susan Says

Last Saturday I happened to be in my father's clothing store when in came a blind man led by a little boy not over six or seven. He asked my father to give him a striped shirt for he heard that that was the style. He paid my father and my father gave him the change. He took the change and put it in his pocket.

What made me think of that man later was that he trusted in God and his fellow men. He believed that that little boy who led him by the hand would not bring him to any harm, and he believed that my father would give him the right kind of shirt that he wanted and the right change, as he would give any individual.

If all men believed in God and their fellow men as this man did, the world would not be as it is today.

By MIRIAM FREED, aged 13, Fall River, Massachusetts

"Susan" is every girl who reads this magazine. Would you like to write "Susan Says—"? This month write a poem of 12 lines or less, on any subject, in any mood. Each month we will print and will pay \$5.00 for the best "Susan Says—" contribution from a girl reader. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. All of them become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. Address Susan, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N.Y.

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON



We are a group of girls between twelve and fourteen years. Some of us enjoy playing with dolls and cut-outs, and others in the neighborhood think it's rather babyish. Do you think we are too old to play with them?—Pat J., and Mary A., aged 13, Ontario.

HOW often we need to remind ourselves that—young and old—we are not alike in our tastes, preferences, hobbies, interests, or personalities—to mention only a few things. And also that we can enjoy and respect those very differences, which all go into making life interesting.

Yes, we certainly have heard of girls around thirteen—and sometimes older, too—who like to play and work with cut-outs. They are often girls with skillful hands and creative minds who can bring a good deal of imagination and good taste to such activities as designing clothes for the cut-out people, writing stories and plays about them, building furniture and scenery, making draperies, weaving rugs, and installing lighting systems. In short, they go in for decorating, stagecraft, dramatization, puppetry, scientific experimentation, and so on. One group of girls we knew actually gave plays, building a

HERE'S your opportunity to get things off your chest! Airing problems and exchanging experiences and ideas usually bring comfort and practical suggestions.

Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? There just isn't space enough to answer every letter here, but if you sign your complete name and address (and they won't be printed), a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, a problem just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

small theater and making puppets out of their original cut-out characters; and they charged a small admission fee to their friends and gave the receipts to the American Red Cross. They were combining service with imagination and pleasure, while working together for a very good cause.

There are many interesting ways of enriching and building upon leisure-time activities all kinds. Older girls like Mary and Pat and their friends, do not use cut-outs in the ways younger children would, for they have much more understanding, experience, imagination, and skill. In addition to getting all they can from cut-outs they will surely agree they can engage in other interesting out-of-school activities, for they will

gain much from things like indoor and outdoor active play as well as from many other kinds of association with young people in their community. And they'll have a lot of fun, too!

My problem is concerning one bike and a brother. The bike is really mine, but my brother thinks it's his. He takes it whenever he feels like it. Mother and Dad don't seem to care; they just let him go. Please tell me what I should do.—Mary Ellin G., aged 10, Pennsylvania.

MARY ELLIN does not say whether her brother is younger or older than she. In any event, we hope he is old enough to be both sensible and careful!

Now that the production of bicycles is restricted and it is so very important to guard and care for them, we are sure that these two young people will want to solve their bike-using problem together as soon as
(Continued on page 38)



Dolls are fun for older girls, too, but they play in a different way.

MYSTERY at the LOOKOUT

Will Sally be able to rescue her friends before she, too, is caught?

By CAROLYN KEENE

Author of "Nancy Drew Mystery Stories"
and "Dana Girls Mystery Stories"

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Sally Seymour, Sandra Blake, and Barbara Moore returned to the Lookout where they had picnicked, to find Sally's field glasses. Instead they found a message in code. Trooper Hartwell galloped up and told them that Peter Hallen, an escaped robber, was in the woods. Sally showed Hartwell the code. As he dismounted, a shower of gravel from the cliff frightened his horse. Sally cried a warning as a huge rock crashed down, barely missing the group. The trooper started after Hallen who had pushed the rock, but the robber escaped on the runaway horse. The girls headed for home, but lost their way. Sally approached a cabin to ask the way. Groans came from the cabin and the girls were startled by the appearance of a wrinkled old woman in tattered clothes who unpleasantly asked, "Why did you come here? Tell me that!" Now go on with Chapter Two.

THE old woman's abrupt question startled Sally Seymour and her two chums, but Sally replied calmly, "We're lost. We came to your cabin for directions to get out of the woods."

The wrinkled face before her relaxed.

"There, my child, perhaps I shouldn't have snapped at you. But in the mountains a body can't be too careful. You're lost, you say?"

26



Still startled, the girls watched as the old woman pointed down the trail.

"Yes, we're trying to get to the main road," Barbara Moore explained, while Sandra Blake's head bobbed vigorously. "We live in Craig City."

"You'll have to step right along to get there before dark," the woman advised. "Just follow this trail to a spring. Turn left, and keep on until you see a fork in the path. Follow the right one, and you'll come out on the road."

She turned away, and Sally wondered if she should mention to her the strange groans the girls had heard in the cabin.

"Do come along, Sally," Sandra urged, starting off with Barbara. "We can't waste any time."

Sally was reluctant to leave. She kept hoping that the old woman would explain the queer sounds, or at least tell them who she was.

"I suppose I should warn you," Sally said at last, "that a thief known as Peter Hallen is hiding here in the woods. When last seen he was riding a stolen horse."

"What's that?" demanded the woman sharply.

Sally repeated the information and added a few details. The old lady seemed disturbed to learn that a dangerous person might be in the locality. But after the first look of surprise and fright, the wrinkled face became a mask again.

"Sally, you snail!" Sandra called impatiently from the trail. "If you don't come . . ."

Bidding goodbye to the old woman, Sally quickly caught up with her companions, and the three girls walked swiftly toward the spring.

"Why do you suppose that woman was so sharp?" Barbara speculated. "And what about

"Millie was always a queer one," he replied, dismissing the subject with a shrug. "She set great store by that pearl, because her father had given it to her. Told the charity workers she would rather starve than sell it."

While washing the supper dishes, Sally thought about the information provided by her grandfather. Now she could understand the old woman's reason for wanting to keep them away from her cabin. If the pearl were hidden there, Millie Lear would not want any intruders. But what of the mysterious groans?

"I wasn't mistaken about those sounds," she thought, stacking dishes with a practiced hand. "Someone was inside the cabin. I'm sure of it!"

Before she went to bed, Sally spent an hour puzzling over the code message she had found. The more she thought about it, the more convinced she became that the note had been left in the tree at the Lookout by Peter Hallen.

"His friend probably will come there for it," she mused. "By keeping watch, someone might be able to catch him. Guess I'll tell Sandra and Babs my idea tomorrow."

Immediately after breakfast the next morning, Sally telephoned her friends. Sandra and Barbara were interested in the idea, but were not enthusiastic about going to the Lookout.

"Oh, I didn't mean for us to go alone," said Sally. "We'll invite Jimmy to go with us. He hates to hike, so he'll suggest taking us part of the way in that junk heap he calls a car."

"You old schemer!" laughed Sandra. "All right, I'm willing."

Jimmy Branford reacted to the invitation exactly as Sally had hoped he would. It gave him a warm feeling to know that the girls needed him. Soberly he promised Grandfather Seymour that he would protect his charges from all possible harm.

By ten o'clock the old car, its radiator spouting steam, had reached the path that led to the Lookout. From there, a hike

through the woods brought the amateur detectives to the familiar spot. They hid behind a large boulder.

"Jimmy, you didn't forget to bring the rope?" Sally asked anxiously. "If a suspicious person should come prowling around, we'll need it to tie him up!"

"I have it," Jimmy answered, waving a clothesline. "But I'll sure be surprised if anyone shows up."

The sun rose higher, beating hard on the stones. As their vigil lengthened, Jimmy and the girls grew increasingly restless. Even Sally began to lose hope that any friend of Peter Hallen would appear.

"Let's call it a day," Sandra pleaded at last, stretching her cramped legs.

Sally was on the verge of consenting, but before she could speak, Jimmy plucked at her sleeve.

"Someone's coming!" he whispered.

Sally nodded, freezing to alert attention. Down the trail strode a man of perhaps thirty-eight, his angular face grizzled with a two-days' growth of beard.

"Get your rope ready!" Sally ordered tensely.

The stranger came on steadily, passing within six yards of the rock behind which the onlookers crouched. Going directly to the pine tree, he looked over the branches, then began to poke beneath the stones.

Making no sound, the young people crept from their hiding place. So engrossed was the man in his search, that he didn't hear the slight crackle of dry leaves behind him.

At a nod from Sally, Jimmy sent a lasso flying through the air. It missed its mark by a

foot. But when the startled man whirled around, the boy made a tackle and caught the fellow around the knees. As both of them went down, Sally held the victim by the shoulders.

"Quick! The rope!" she cried.

Barbara picked up the clothesline. With Jimmy's help she trussed the struggling man.

"Say, what's the idea?" the fellow growled. "You kids trying to play Indian?"

"You're a friend of Peter Hallen, and we're going to hand you over to the police!" announced Sally breathlessly. She turned to Barbara and Sandra. "Come on, girls, we'll go for help."

"Listen, you're all wrong about me," the prisoner protested. "I'm not wanted by the police, and I don't know the man you're talking about."

Sally paid not the slightest attention. Leaving Jimmy to stand guard, she and the other two girls started down the trail. But they had gone less than twenty yards when they heard a mocking laugh, and then the sound of running footsteps.

"What was that?" Sandra said, stopping short.

"Maybe the prisoner escaped!" Sally cried, and raced back toward the Lookout.

Her fears were confirmed. There was no sign of the man. Jimmy stood staring in disgust at the empty ropes.

"What happened?" Sally demanded anxiously. "How did he get away?"

"I let him go."

"You let him escape!" Sally stared in disbelief.

"Dumb as a cuckoo—that's me," Jimmy said bitterly. "That fellow told me he was a naturalist—that he had papers in his pocket to prove it."

"On the strength of that you

\$10.00 in PRIZES for your "PET PEEVES"!

TELL us all about yours—in not more than 50 words. We'll pay \$1.00 for each of the 10 most interesting received by September 5th. Every entry must state the sender's name, address, and age. All entries become the property of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**. They cannot be acknowledged or returned. Address Pet Peeves Editor, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.

freed him and let him go?"

"I loosened his bonds, so he could show me the papers. The next thing I knew he was streaking down the trail, giving me the horse laugh."

"Oh, Jimmy, how could you fall for such a line?"

"Go ahead and tramp on me," Jimmy berated himself. "I feel like a worm."

"Which way did he go?" asked Barbara.

"Down the trail toward that big rock. Then he made for the dense woods. Not a chance to catch him."

"At least we can try," Sally said, her face grim. "We've lost a lot of time, though."

Sandra and Barbara followed Jimmy and Sally who started off at a run. Far ahead a faint crackle of un-

trees they had glimpsed their escaping prisoner, and redoubled their efforts.

Sally tried valiantly to keep up, despite the pain in her ankle. Suddenly she tripped over a vine and fell. She lay still for a moment to get her breath. Then, hearing an excited shout ahead, she struggled to her feet once more, forcing herself on. But she could not see her companions.

"Jimmy!" she called anxiously.

Her own cry came echoing

Yet the sound was so muffled she could not be sure of its direction. As she stumbled on, Sally repeatedly shouted the names of her friends, who seemed to have disappeared completely. Once she thought she heard a man's mocking laughter, similar to that of their former prisoner.

"Perhaps he laid a trap of some sort for Jimmy and the girls!"

The realization that she, too, might be heading into trouble, made Sally more cautious.

Choosing her steps carefully, and keeping an alert watch for any lurking figure, she called again. This time she could not doubt her hearing; there was an answer to her shout. It came from the left of the trail, so close that it startled her.

"Sally! Sally! Help us!" The voice was muffled, but unmistakably Barbara's. It seemed to rise from the very depths of the earth.

"Where are you?" Sally called, gazing about in utter bewilderment.

"Here, here!"



As the man whirled in surprise, Jimmy made a flying tackle.

derbrush encouraged the pursuers to hope that they might still overtake the fleeing man. Sally twisted her ankle as she ran, and gradually dropped back of the group.

"Don't wait for me!" she shouted, as Jimmy slackened pace. "Keep on!"

Thus urged, the others sprinted away. Through the

back to her through the quiet forest. Standing very still, she listened intently, but heard no sound of running feet.

"How could Jimmy and the others have got so far ahead of me?" Sally thought, starting off again. "I hope I haven't turned in the wrong direction."

With increasing alarm, she called over and over, "Barbara! Sandra!"

From deep within the woods there came an answering cry.

Sally followed the sound until she came upon a yawning hole which had been screened by a pile of underbrush. The wily man her friends were following had led them to this spot.

Jimmy, Barbara, and Sandra had not suspected any trap. Intent upon pursuing the fugitive, they had crashed through the brush into a deep, dark pit!

(To be continued next month)



3 4



2

We can walk to the

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor

UNLESS you live in the country the movies are just as accessible as in the days of unlimited gas and tires, and are we glad! For the summer crop of films is bursting with particularly diverting ones which will help make this vacation spent at home one of the most enjoyable you've ever had. You can rest up from your war work at a movie, or go as a club in place of your annual picnic in the country or give your parents a surprise by inviting them to go with you to a good film. In fact, when the movies as well as your parents were very young, the stroll to the motion picture "palace" on Saturday night was the big date event of the week!

And if you want to make sure that the movies you wish to see will be brought to your local theater, tell the manager. But don't stop there—when you are enthusiastic about a film, urge your friends to go see it. Good business at the box office will bring more films like it to your community.



1



Flower, Thumper and Bambi in Disney's feature-length treat, "Bambi" (RKO)



MOVIES!

1 "Flying Tigers" has lovely Anna Lee, and stalwarts Paul Kelly, John Wayne, John Carroll as American volunteers fighting with Chiang Kai-Shek, guarding the Burma Road for the United Nations. (Rep.)

2 Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine appear in "The Constant Nymph," a love story of a musician who finds inspiration in a young girl's devoted interest. (Warner)

3 When Marines land in Iceland, pert Sonja Henie falls in love with John Payne. She has a hard job convincing him that he loves her, but "Iceland" has a happy ending. Jack Oakie, Sammy Kaye and his band are in cast. (Fox)

4 "Young Mr. Pitt" brings to life a thrilling chapter of your history book. Here are Napoleon (Wilfred Lawson) and Talleyrand (Albert Lieven) discussing the Treaty of Amiens. Long-absent Robert Donat plays Mr. Pitt. (Fox)

5 Baseball manager Lloyd Nolan tries to interest new owner Carole Landis in America's favorite game. "It Happened in Flatbush" will get to first base with you. (Fox)

6 "They Flew Alone" has Anna Neagle as dauntless Amy Johnson, England's beloved flyer who lost her life recently while ferrying planes. Amy's life was exciting and so is the film, as it follows her world flights. (RKO)

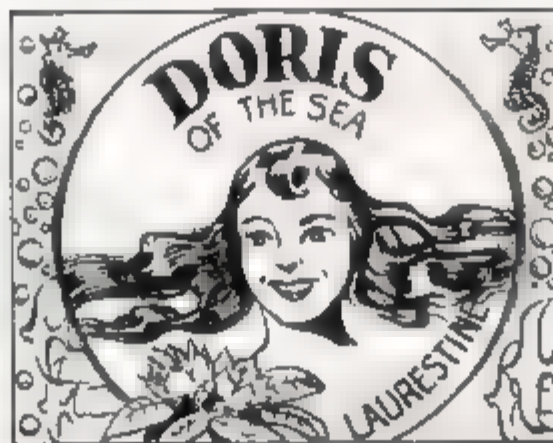
7 "Holiday Inn" is a honey of a song, dance, and fun film with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Irving Berlin's gay music tops and newcomer Marjorie Reynolds winning your heart, with Virginia Dale sharing honors. (Para)

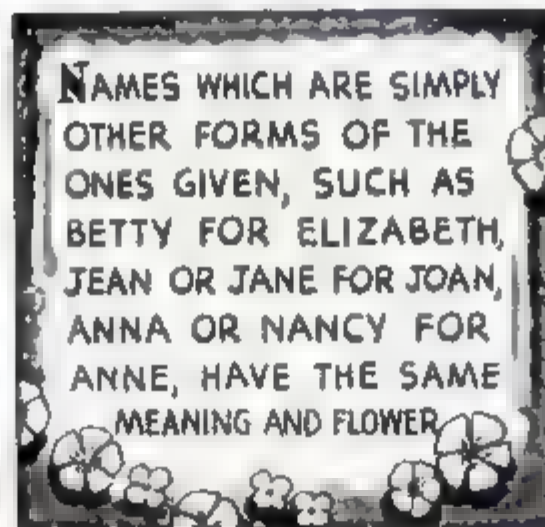
8 Kay Harris and Marquerite Chopman get ready for a leap in the thrill-packed new service film, "Parachute Nurse," which shows the nurses training for active duty. William Wright and Frank Sully are instructors. (Col.)



What's in YOUR NAME?

NAMES HAVE MEANINGS
AND FLOWER EMBLEMS
ALL THEIR OWN THAT YOU
WILL FIND AMUSING!





Miss Quiz Kid

A close-up of a friendly and unspoiled know-it-all, Jean MacMahon, one of radio's amazing young answer wizards

By HARRY RAUCH

An ex-actor and ex-newspaperman turned radio writer

Dignified in mortarboard and gown the Quiz Kid costume during broadcasts Jean volunteers to answer a question

LOTS of girls in high school complain that they can't find time enough to do all the things girls like to do, and still get passing grades in school. But Jean MacMahon, who is fifteen years old and lives with her parents in Chicago, manages to get a lot of things done after class without worrying too much about bad marks.

Jean, you know, is one of the veterans on the Blue Network Quiz Kids program, which is broadcast every Wednesday night at eight o'clock, Eastern War Time. Her frequent appearances on the Quiz Kids keep her quite busy, of course, but just the same she has her share of healthy fun. For instance, Jean collects postcards, stamps, books, and other things, and she loves bicycling, swimming, hiking, boating, tennis, skating, riding, badminton, shuffleboard, and bowling. Quite a schedule! But Jean says any girl of her age can do it without getting too tired.

Jean says it is quite simple, just as long as you apply yourself wholeheartedly to what-



Above—There's more to a rock than meets the eye. Jean learns in geology. With one of her Late View High School classmates, she closely examines and labels a new rock specimen.

Below—Music is her real love and she enjoys playing the organ for school programs. Her ambition is to be a concert pianist and she has already played in a number of public concerts.



ever you happen to be doing at the time. When she goes swimming, she forgets all about both school and the Quiz Kids, and she makes sure of having a grand time in the water. And when she is in school, she makes a game of studying; and it really can be fun when you do it that way, she will tell you.

She is a junior at the Lake View High School in Chicago, and her best grades are in English, mathematics, French, and music, although her marks are "superior" in all subjects. She is an active member of the Girls' Athletic Association; Girl Reserves; the Honor Society, for which she has a silver pin designating four semesters' membership; the Latin Club; the Vocational Club; and the Civic Forum.

Playing the organ for school programs is one of Jean's specialties. Ever since she was four years old she has been studying the piano; and when she was nine, she was able to help other youngsters with their practicing. She has played in many public concerts and performances, for music is her real love. Jean has written a few musical compositions, and arranged others for dancing, vocal trios, and orchestras. Sometimes she is called upon to play accompaniments for singers when she is not familiar with the music. In these cases her training enables her to improvise the music, and quite nicely, too, thanks to the two years she had in studying harmony. Right now she is learning to play the violincello.

Jean first wanted to be an architect and interior decorator, but now she wants to become a concert pianist, or to teach music in a college. What with having so many hobbies, she finds it hard to name her favorite; but she does say that reading stands about tops with her right now. She has taken prizes in library reading con-

tests conducted by the school.

All of this isn't enough for Jean. In addition she likes to design her own dresses and women's evening clothes. She likes bright colors, although her own clothes are on the plain side.

Whenever a girl or a boy moves into the neighborhood, or when she meets a new classmate, she is showered with questions as soon as she is identified as a Quiz Kid. The questions are usually the same. First, how did she ever get to be a Quiz Kid? Well, Jean will answer that when a Chicago department store ran a contest in cooperation with the program sponsors, her mother urged her to enter it. And very much to her surprise, she heard during a Quiz Kid program that she was to be on a coming broadcast.

"I'll bet you're always studying up for the quiz," is sure to be the next thing said to her. But Jean answers that it is almost impossible to cram because the questions cover such a wide field. She must rely mostly on the facts salted away during her fifteen years. In preparation for a broadcast she never reads more than her usual quota of books.

A question sure to be asked is, "What are you going to do with all the money you earn?" Jean has a quick reply for that one. The money will be used to further her musical education when she graduates from high school. And, of course, she's buying War Bonds.

About the last question left is, "What do your parents think of you now that you are famous?" Dad and Mother make sure that Jean does not abuse the privilege by becoming conceited over all her publicity. They keep her in her place.

Mother reports that Jean first showed musical talent when she was a year old.

Jean began to pick up the nursery rhymes which her mother sang to her. And then, thanks to the perfect musical pitch with which she was born, she was able to play the tunes on the piano—with one finger, of course. When a new friend asks, "Do you really like to practice?" Jean frankly answers, "I used to hate it, but now I really enjoy practicing, because I understand just what I have to accomplish and I know that practice helps."

But having perfect pitch isn't always so pleasant, because a sour note tortures Jean's ears. Still, it helps her in teaching, for it is easy to spot an error and correct it without reading the music, and it also helps her to play jazz by ear. "It's nice to have around," she laughs.

"Miss Quiz Kid" has read about 900 books in all, not to mention countless newspapers, funnies, and maga-



A sports enthusiast relaxes at one of her favorite games—bowling.
C. M. Frank Photos

zines. She likes almost anything, as long as it is well written and interesting, whether the book is on music or micro-organisms. Her favorite pet book of all is "Bambi," by Felix Salten, who is one of her two favorite authors; the other is Willa Cather.

EASY DOES IT

(Continued from page 18)

picking all kinds of flowers and bringing them back to Linda. Her face grew red and puffy looking, and Linda cried, "For gosh sake, take it easy! We've got miles to go."

"In my country we do not haf mountains like this," Willy said. "Oh, how they are beautiful! I could run up and down all day." But suddenly her eyes grew wide. "I could, but now I do not feel goot!"

"It's that breakfast you ate," Linda said crossly. "You ought to go light when you've got a big hike."

"Next time I do," Willy said humbly. "Only, I lof to eat."

To Linda's horror, Willy sank down on a rock. "My head—it blows up," she said, and her voice was queer and scared. "I—I t'ink..." Linda ran to her, felt her forehead. It was hot and dry. And then Willy toppled over, her eyes closed.

"Willy's overcome by the heat," Linda thought. All that food, and running around so. She'd have to get help. But where? They were miles from the hut; the others were on different trails. Her frantic eyes swept the landscape. The lake lay just below them, much narrower at this point. The neck, it was called. Across the neck was the forest ranger's cottage. Linda saw a boat tied to the little dock. If she could get to the ranger, he could take Willy back to camp and a doctor. She had to get to him. And quickly.

If she followed the trail around the lake, it would take an hour at least. She shuddered. There was nothing to do but swim across for help. Swim. . . . She glanced down at Willy, and her heart pounded. Willy looked so—well, she had to get help for her, that was all. She propped her hat on the end of a stick, stuck in the ground at an angle to ward off the sun from Willy. She cushioned Willy's head on her sweater, and placed handkerchiefs soaked with water from her canteen at the back of the girl's neck and

on her hot, pale forehead.

Then she ran down the slope to the lake, kicked off her moccasins, and went in. Thank heaven she was wearing shorts! The water was cold, and she gasped, striking out with nervous quick strokes. Go slow, she told herself—slow—one, two—take it easy. If you don't you won't get there, and you've got to get there. Miss Gorman had said, so many times, "You know your strokes. You've got to

MINUTES

By ELLA C. FORBES

The minutes are so short
They slip away
Into the hours; yet
Hours make a day—
A day which has a record
Of its own,
Made from the little minutes
Which have flown.

learn timing." It looked like miles across the lake; the little cottage came no nearer. Could she make it? But she had to make it. She closed her eyes and counted, rolled over and rested, rolled back and swam on, Willy's face before her.

And suddenly, surprisingly, she was there! She dragged herself up, dripping and panting—but she had made it! The ranger wasn't in; his cottage was neat and bare. There was a telephone in the corner. She rang the camp number, but no one answered. Oh, what should she do now? They had to answer!

"Hello, there. What can I do for you?" A man's voice from the doorway. The ranger himself! "Nice to have a visitor, but you look sort of wet!"

In a rush she told him. His face was sober; his decisions quick. "Good for you! Come along, we'll row back, get her down to camp in a jiffy."

It didn't take long—such a little distance in a rowboat and it had seemed miles when she swam it. Willy was still feverish, but breathing quickly. The ranger lifted her gently, carried her to the boat, rowed with long, sure strokes down the lake to camp. "This young lady has a head on her shoulders!" he told the Crispins admiringly.

"But Willy—Willy—is she..."

"She'll be all right by tonight, thanks to you," the doctor told her later. "Quick thinking's the first step in first aid."

When the others came back and heard the story, Linda found herself the heroine of the camp. "I told you you could do it!" Miss Gorman said. "I'm so proud of you! You'll never have trouble again!"

Pat burst in. "Linda, Willy's sitting up and wants to see you."

Linda smiled at Willy. Willy reached under her pillow. "Come here!" she ordered. "Close your eyes." She put something into Linda's hands. "Now—open."

In her palm lay the carnelian necklace. "Oh, Willy, no!"

"Yes," Willy said firmly. "For you. I want you to haf it. You safed my life, and if you did not safe my life, how could I liff in this beautiful country?"

Linda reached over and hugged Willy. "It was your silver pin I really wanted," she fibbed magnificently. "These are lovely, but it's the pin, really, Willy..."

"So?" Willy cried. "But I t'ought..." She laughed. "How you Americans are funny!" She squeezed Linda's hands. "Like I am funny, too, yes? I t'ink you do not like me, and you t'ink I do not like you..."

"Time, Linda," the nurse said.

"See you in the morning, pal," Linda called. "I've got a letter to write."

But it was not to say she wanted to come home. It was to ask if, when the six weeks at camp were up, she might bring Willy back with her.

JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT

The more you bounce it about, throw it around, or juggle it in the air, the better it tastes! What is it?

It's a Tossup!

IT'S a tossup as to what goes in it, it's a tossup in the way it's made, and it's a tossup as to when it's eaten. You're right—it's not a riddle, just a salad! Practically anything can go in it—raw or cooked vegetables and fruit, cooked meat or fish—as long as the chosen anything is put into a large bowl, salad dressing is added, and then the whole thing is given a lively tossing with a large spoon and fork so that each ingredient is generously sprayed with salad dressing. If the chief makings of the salad are vegetable, it is usually served with the main course, or right after. If it's a fruit combination, it sometimes serves as dessert.

Your mother probably won't need much persuasion to let you try your hand at salad-making since you can't possibly go wrong! Maybe tossed salads are so much fun because they're somewhat in reverse. There are not many other foods you'd venture to scramble up at the table, before everyone's eyes, in quite this lively way! On the other hand, the more you toss a salad, so that the flavor of the dressing you are using seeps into each ingredient, and the whole blends deliciously, the better salad you'll produce. But remember that if the salad's main ingredients are greens, it should be tossed, at the table, just the second before it's to be eaten, and not hours before.

Have you ever seen anyone struggling with a head of lettuce, trying to peel off the leaves whole and having a bad time of it? Well, you don't ever have to let that happen to you! If you want large, whole, good-looking leaves to make a border around your bowl—or lettuce "cups" in which to let your main ingredients nestle if you are making individual salads—just

do this. Cut out the core of the lettuce with a small sharp knife. Then put the head under running cold water so that the water runs in where you've taken out the core. You'll find that you can slip leaves off easily then—each leaf separate, cuplike, whole, and unbroken.

Try this mixture of leafy greens and vegetables when you are having company for Sunday night supper.

SUMMER SALAD BOWL

Lettuce (1 small head)
2 tomatoes
1 cucumber
1 green pepper

Start making salad just before the meal is to be served. Remove wilted leaves from lettuce, cut out core and let water run through center of head. Separate leaves, drain in strainer, roll in clean tea towel. Wash tomatoes and divide each into four wedges. Peel cucumber and slice. Cut green pepper and remove seeds and white membrane with small knife. Slice pepper in circles. Tear greens into small pieces with your fingers and place in salad bowl. Add tomato wedges, cucumber slices, and pepper rings. At the table sprinkle the salad with 4 tablespoons or more of the following dressing. Toss lightly. Serves 4 to 6.

TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING

1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon onion salt (if desired)
Dash of pepper
1 cup salad oil
½ cup strained lemon juice or vinegar
½ cup condensed tomato soup

Mix the mustard, salt, sugar, onion salt, pepper. Add a few tablespoons of the lemon juice or vinegar and stir to a smooth paste. Add oil, remaining lemon juice or vinegar and beat with a rotary beater. Pour into a quart jar, close tightly, and shake vigorously. This dressing



does not separate as most other French dressings do.

And here's an unusually good salad to use with tomato French dressing for a special occasion.

TANGY SALAD BOWL

1 bunch watercress (or romaine)
1 cup orange cubes (2 small oranges
or 1 very large one)
1 small avocado (or 1 cup thin celery
slices)

Break off tough stem ends of watercress. Wash remaining leafy sections, drain, roll in clean tea towel, and place in refrigerator. If you use romaine instead of watercress cut off bottom core, wash, and store leaves in the same way. Peel orange with sharp knife, cutting all white membrane away with peel. Slice in about 4 thick rounds, then cut each round into small squares or cubes. Cut avocado in half. Remove pit and slip off peel with your fingers; slice in half circles. Place cold dry greens in salad bowl, add avocado (or celery) and orange. (If celery is used, wash each long piece or stalk, remove leafy top and slice remaining stalk thinly.) Toss with 4 tablespoons of tomato French dressing. Serves 6.

Individual salads are grand to have ready for a summer afternoon or evening spread when you are entertaining.

INDIVIDUAL FRUIT SALADS

2 cups diced apple
1 cup seedless grapes
½ cup chopped dates or raw prunes
Mayonnaise to moisten
Lettuce cups or melon rings

Leave apples peeled or unpeeled as you like. (They are especially attractive left unpeeled if their skin is red.) Cut in quarters, remove core from each quarter, slice, and cut slices in small even cubes. Wash and dry grapes in towel and halve each one. If prunes are to be used, wash in very hot water. Slit lengthwise, remove pit, and cut in small pieces. Combine fruits, add enough mayonnaise to moisten (3 or 4 tablespoons), and mix well. Chill and serve in lettuce cups or on melon rings. Make melon rings by cutting melon in half, removing seeds, and peeling. Slice in rings. Serves 4 to 6.

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 25)

possible. This is a time for sharing and conserving such useful, needed things; and individuals, both young and old, must recognize this.

It is true, of course, that the bike in question belongs to Mary Ellen; and her brother should not have taken it without some understanding between them. "Mine" and "thine" are words we must all learn; and very often the little word "ours" is important, too!

Many girls are in the same fix as I am. We have not yet learned about some problems of sex which I think we are old enough to know about. I was wondering how we could go about asking our mothers to answer our many questions. There are many books at the library that if we could take out would help us very much.—Phyllis W., aged 14½, Washington.

NOT all grownups feel the same about answering girls' questions on sex matters. But in recent years more and more parents, physicians, educators, social workers, and others concerned with the rearing of children have come to believe that girls and boys should have their questions answered truthfully, in accordance with

their age and understanding; and that they should also be helped in other ways to get a good sex education.

While children are growing up in their own homes, parents can help them to learn about the functions of their own bodies, about the differences between the sexes, and about reproduction—that is, how children are born. Young people also need guidance in connection with their attitudes toward and feelings about sex matters, so that as they grow more mature they can form good standards for themselves and for society. The young girls of today will be the wives and mothers of the future, and they must be fortified, with knowledge and attitudes, to play their part as responsible, self-controlled adults.

Phyllis' mother probably realizes that Phyllis, just as any other natural, normal young person, wants help in these matters and is seeking to have the many ideas and impressions she has been acquiring made clear for her. It is not easy for some mothers to discuss sex matters with their children, much as they want to. There are some excellent books and pamphlets written to help parents meet this responsibility. These books may be found in most American public libraries. Among some of the many good books we might recommend for mothers and their daughters are "Being Born," by Frances Bruce Strain; "Growing Up," by Karl de Schweinitz; "The Wonder of Life," by Milton I. Levine and Jean Seligmann. Phyllis will probably want to ask her mother if she doesn't think it would be a good idea for Phyllis to read one of them. Her mother may be interested in reading some of these or in writing to Washington for pamphlets which may prove helpful and interesting.

\$5.00

FOR THE BEST "FAVORITE RECIPE"

WHAT is your favorite food? Send in to us the recipe for the dish that you think is "simply scrumptious." We will pay \$5.00 for the one selected as our Recipe of the Month. Entries must reach us by September 5th. Each must state the sender's name, address, age. They cannot be acknowledged or returned. Address Recipe of the Month Editor, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Memo: Don't forget to
buy your WAR STAMPS!**



Hot Stuff!—Take an unusual paper match book cover and put a tiny safety pin through the back. It is very striking pinned to your lapel.—*Jane C. Taylor, Reading, Pa.* Take a small thermometer (the kind you find on calendars) and sew it with yarn to a thick piece of felt. Attach this gadget to your lapel for a high degree of smartness. You'll be fit for any weather.—*Joan Taylor, Prince Albert, Sask.*

Here to Stay!—If you prefer your clothes on the hangers instead of on the floor, try slitting a few large bottle corks and slipping them over the ends of your hangers—one on each end! They'll act as anchors for your garbs.—*Ruth Grissom, Carson City, Nevada.*

Carry It Off!—How about making a handy beach bag for your bathing suit and fixings? Take an ordinary turkish towel and sew up the sides. Make a one-inch hem at each end and run a narrow but strong stick through each hem. That's all there is to it, but it makes a neat little gadget.—*Camille Grande, Dover, N. J.* Or would you rather just make a plain pocketbook? Take a straw, oblong table mat and fold it not quite in half, leaving enough to fold over for a flap. Sew it up the sides with bright colored yarn and sew a snap on the flap to fasten the purse. You can also dress it up with your

name or initials embroidered across the top.—*Beverly Bonelli, Huntington Park, Calif.*

Gardeners' Glories!—If you want to tell the world about the success of your Victory garden, wear a bright red radish in your hair or a small carrot with fluffy greens on your lapel. It gives you a nice, cool, crisp look.—*Marbie Reed, Oakville, Pa.* Whether or not you are growing avocados in your garden, you can probably get an avocado pit somewhere. Carve a face on the front of the pit and stick a pin through the back and you will have a really nutty lapel ornament.—*Hazel Bento, Ventura, Calif.*

Child's Play!—Tired of ribbons among your curls? Try baby chicks! For the new fluffy hair-do, look around in little sister's old Easter basket and ask her to lend you her smallest chicks to peep from under your curls.—*Esther Lewis and Bartlene McCormick, Mullins, S. C.* Have you given up jigsaw puzzles? Then why not punch holes in the pieces and try wearing them around your neck for a change.—*Geraldine Gillespie, Elwood, Ind.*

The Braids Have It!—To add glamour to your hair, braid ribbons to match your dress in with the strands when you braid your hair. It's an eye-catching trick.—*Margaret Lods, Macdonald College, Que.*

A Poll of Girls' Favorites

VOTE for your favorites! We'd like to know what girls like best, and we'll publish the results of this poll in this magazine. You'll be interested! Please vote and get your friends to vote. They can send in their votes on a plain sheet of paper. After each item on the list below, please write the name of the one you like best. If there are any products you do not use, or subjects on which you have no opinion, leave the space under those blank. No prizes for this . . . but a chance to register a vote for your favorites and perhaps influence other girls to follow your lead. Be sure to fill in your name, address and age. Cut out the coupon and mail it to Favorites Editor, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

THIS VOTE IS FROM:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Age _____

THESE ARE MY FAVORITES:

Author _____

Book _____

Candy Bar _____

Cereal _____

Chewing Gum _____

Cleansing Cream _____

Color _____

Deodorant _____

(Continued on reverse side)

\$1 will be paid for each Gadget for Girls published

SEND as many Gadgets as you like, with or without rough drawings. Neatness, art work, and literary style do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. State your full name, address, and age. Address: Gadgets for Girls, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York. All entries become the property of *Calling All Girls*. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

(Continued from reverse side)

Face Powder

Hand Lotion or Cream

Hobby

Lipstick

Movie Actor

Movie Actress

Musical Instrument

Nail Polish

Radio Program

Radio Star

Recent Movie

Record

Rouge

Soft Drink

Sport

Sun Tan Cream

Sun Tan Lotion

Toilet Soap

Tooth Paste or Powder



Girls
who wear

GLASSES



Modern girls have vanquished
old-fashioned style bugaboos

By NELL GILES

Author of "Susan, Be Smooth!"

CONSIDER the oyster! His pearl is only an obstacle overcome. All right, you have to wear glasses, or a brace on your teeth, or a back support. Grumbling and grouching won't improve the situation, but mind over matter will. If you're smart, you won't publicly run down the offending feature on every possible occasion, because that attracts the wrong kind of attention. You'll accept the challenge with all the sporting instinct in you, and develop into such a swell person that you'll be considered a lucky girl.

If glasses seem a blight on your life, take the situation in hand and determine not to be mousy. Think of them as accessories and select them with care, studying the shape of your face to determine whether round, square, or a combination



Soft hair frames her face and interesting rims frame her glasses.



of both suits you best. There are rimless lenses with clear-cut lines, tortoise rims that boldly accent your features and costume, saucy harlequin glasses to add to your pixy look, gold or silver rims with a jeweled air. You can paint the rims with nail enamel or buy those new Deb frames in your favorite color, or to match your eyes.

Then there are a lot of little tricks for you to learn and apply. Wear your hair in a loose, fluffy, casual style. No tight little ringlets, no long shoe-string curls, and no straight hair slicked back so that you can't close your eyes. A hair style which frames the face softly will most become you. And clean, shining, sweet-smelling hair automatically puts you in the smooth girls' league.

Because eyebrows seem to frame glasses, it's extra important to keep brows smooth and weed out the stragglers



No strain wrinkles for her! She wears her glasses faithfully.

Photos and glasses by Clairmont and Nichols Co.



Glasses can be dashing accessories that add style to an outfit.

down under. If you wear lipstick, be doubly watchful that it isn't smeary and messy. A bright look in your eyes will make people want to see them and sparkling clean glasses give your eyes a fair chance to be seen. Make sure your glasses are sitting correctly on your nose; glasses perched at an angle give you a lopsided look, besides hurting your eyes. And in those low moments when you face your bespectacled reflection in the mirror and wistfully think how nice it would be if you could discard your glasses, it might help to remember that if you did leave them off, you'd squint and frown and peer in an effort to see and thus put your features out of joint. Also you'd miss most of what was going on!

A good-looking girl, when you really think the matter over, is not made of a perfect nose, beautiful teeth, and exquisitely modeled face alone. She's made of an *impression*. And the impression is made by her friendly manner, her charming smile, her poise, her attitude of interest—plus. Add to that a band-box look, clear, clear skin, and a way of working around obstacles, and you have a girl!

Take the braces on your teeth, for instance. The few years you'll have to wear them are a drop in the bucket compared to the long stretch of years you might have been blighted with crooked teeth. When the den-

tist first rigs up the brace, you feel as though you have a mouthful of wire and you're sure no one ever suffered so much. You wonder how anyone will ever be able to see past the wire to you. Well, if that you is worth-while, not even a barbed wire fence could keep an admiring public away. And here again are the tricks of the trade with which to help people forget your braces. Play up your hair and your eyes. Keep your hair long enough at the sides to fall below your chin-line. If there's no hair to soften the line, your chin becomes more prominent and naturally the braces show up! Keep the hair at your temples brushed up and away from the eyes to make them look larger and more important. Wear clothes the color of your eyes. If your eyes are that wonderful blue-gray color, a blue-gray dress in your favorite style will call attention right up to your eyes, and away from your braces.

And remember the benefits from wearing braces, not the pain. If you feel sorry for yourself now, it won't do you any good to have pretty teeth in a few years, because your mouth will be pulled down in a droop. Look lively and look forward to the time when your smile will show straight, white teeth.

Remember, you're the girl who makes the best of her handicaps, and the best can be very good indeed!



Evelyn, what are you Moping about?

*It's a glorious morning—
You ought to be out!*

Missing all the fun 'cause it's one of those "certain days"? Don't stay home moping! Try Modess, and see if it doesn't give you lots more comfort.



Evelyn's not going to Mope any more.

*She's joined the majority—
3 out of 4!*

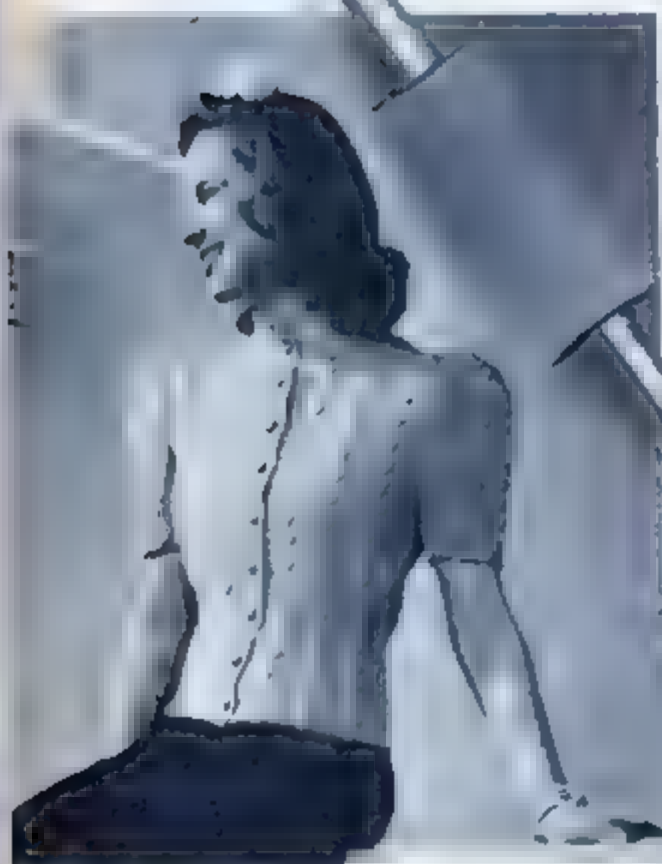
3 out of every 4 voted "Modess is softer!" in recent nationwide tests. Buy Modess today. Get either Regular or Junior size. (Junior Modess is narrower.)

3 out of every 4 voted

Modess softer

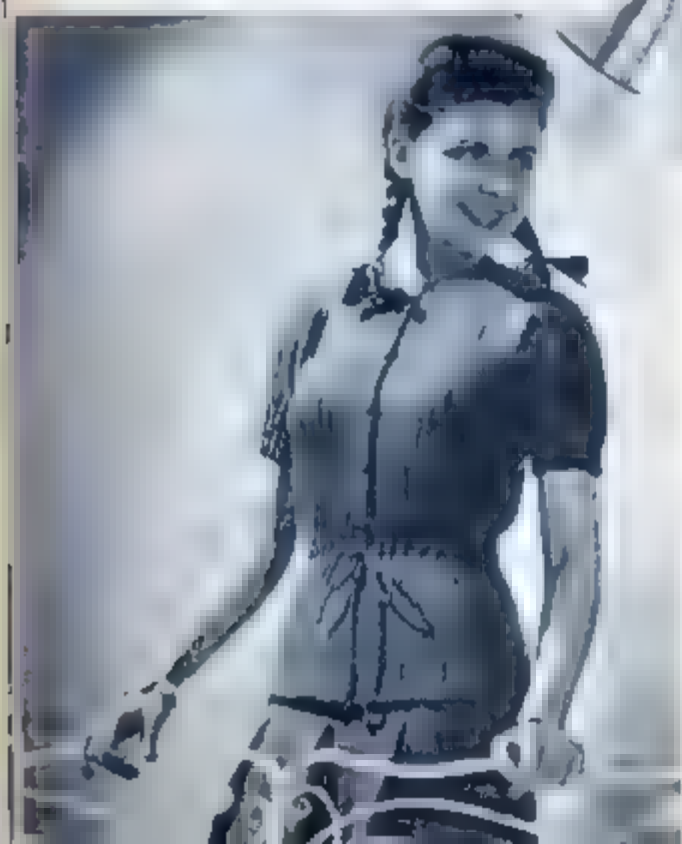
Keep Yourself in Stitches

ISN'T vacation wonderful? Don't you wish it would last forever? Nice wishing, but it won't work. School is practically around the corner, so now's the time to think of your school wardrobes and Knit Ahead for September. Hi, Knit-Wits, aren't these sweaters just too divine?



SENIOR PROM—Sheer figure flattery with a short or formal length skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 take five skeins of Beehive Fair Isle Shetland yarn. Pick tricky buttons for trimming.

SWEET SIXTEEN—Make the most of a tiny waistline with a really different-looking drawstring cardigan that fits down smoothly over your hips. Size 12 takes nine skeins of Beehive Non-Shrink Moorland yarn.



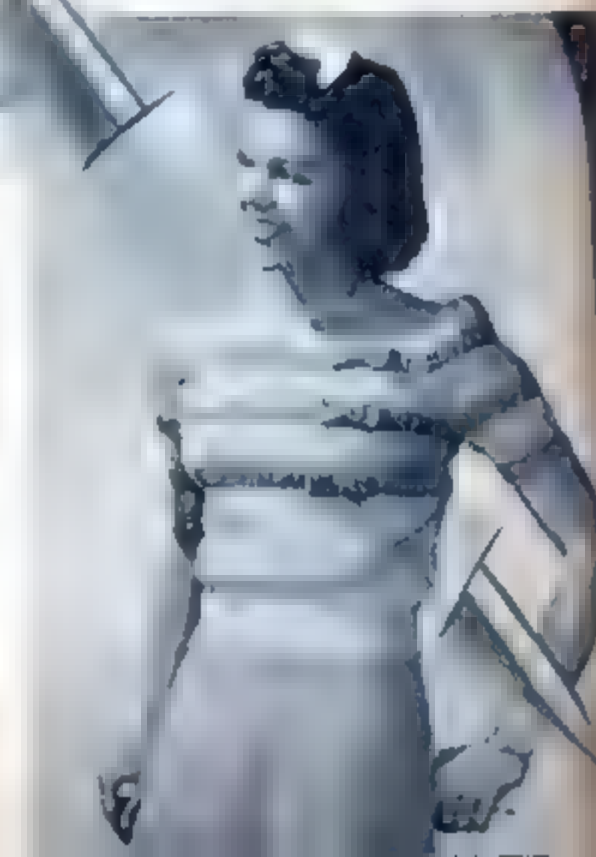
LIVE-IN JERKIN—Here's the sweater that makes an "outfit" out of any blouse and skirt. Sizes 12 and 14 take seven skeins of Beehive Shetland wool. It has a square neck and slenderizing vertical ribbing.

BEAU CATCHER—Go feminine in a pull-on sweater with contrasting bands and coquettish bows. Dream up your own favorite color combinations. Size 12 takes four skeins of Beehive Scotch Fingering yarn.



CONSTANT COMPANION—The "cote" crowd goes for a tweedy looking jacket with contrasting whip-stitched edges and roomy pockets. Size 12 takes eighteen skeins of Beehive Patona Knitting wool.

For easy-to-follow, free knitting instructions, send stamped addressed envelope to the Fashion Editor, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.



Start School in SOAP 'N' WATER COTTONS

SUMMER wardrobes looking sorta dismal and bedraggled? Here's the tonic they need—smooth fall cottons to take you through vacation and start you to school in the fall. They love soap 'n' water; they won't make a dent in your clothing allowances; they are authentic "Hi-School Board" fashions, selected by teens like yourselves. And remember—the more cottons you wear, the more you help to s-t-r-e-t-c-h our country's limited wool supply.

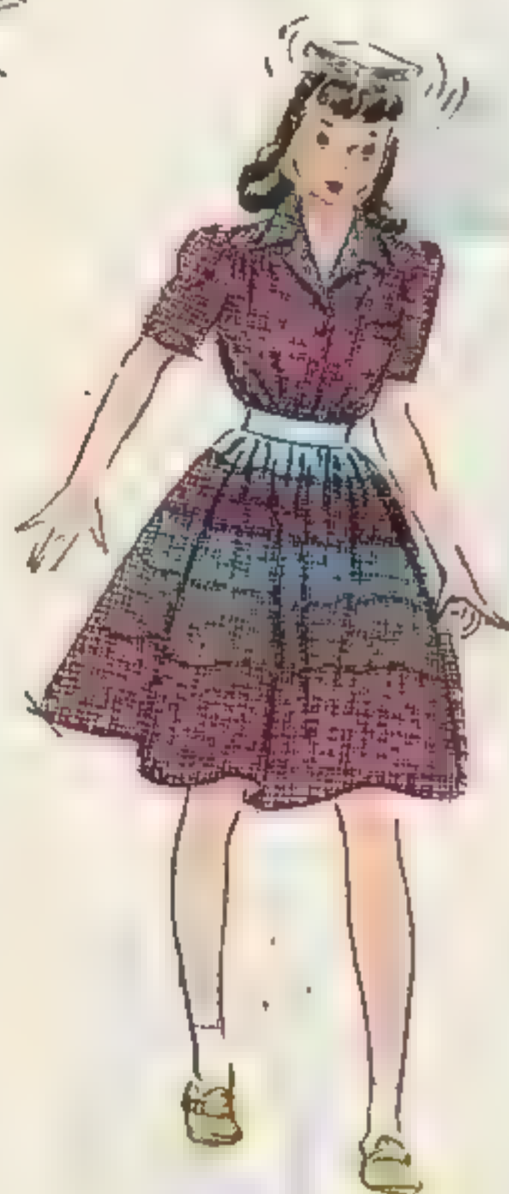
By **NANCY PEPPER**
Fashion Editor



SLICK STRIPES—Woven chambray, striped and plain, combined in a honey of a dress with perfectly **HUGE** pockets and an inset belt that does wonders with your waistline. Mmm, lovely colors. And it's easy to launder. Teen sizes, 10 to 16, about \$4.



HUG-ME-TITE—That's just what this knowing little jacket does—it hugs you tight and makes you look slender as a reed, or something. The separate skirt is dirndl-ish. Wear it with blouses, too. In minstrel-check, waven gingham. Teen sizes, 10 to 16, about \$5.



DOUBLE CHECKER—Some fun, when checked gingham is banded together in colorful patchwork style. Skirt and blouse are separate. Wear them as a dress or pair them with some of your wardrobe leftovers. Teen sizes, 10 to 16, about \$5 complete.

For information about fashions and where to buy them, send stamped addressed envelope to Nancy Pepper, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

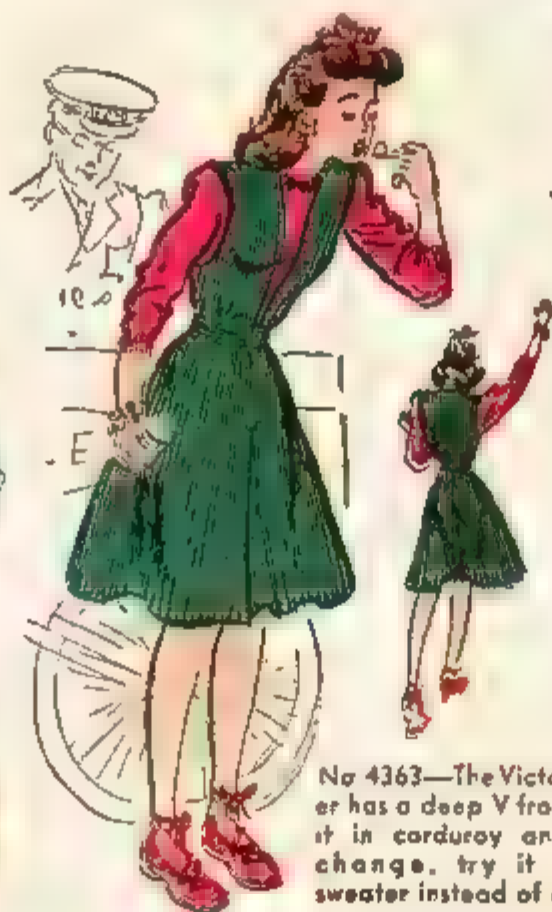
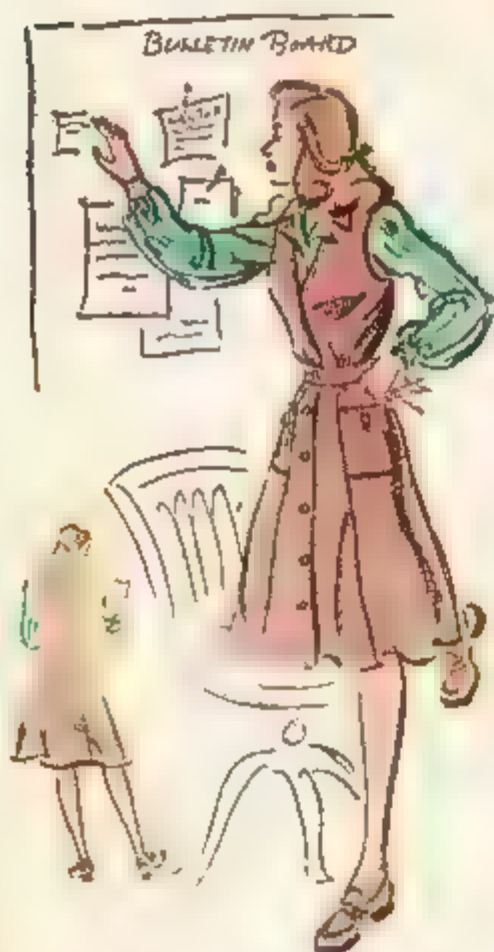
Make yourself a JUMPER

WITH a jumper or two and a few blouses you can always be well dressed for school and dates. These jumper styles take very little material and very little sewing skill. Start to work now and you will be a jump—and a jumper—ahead on your school wardrobe. Blouses are easy to make and inexpensive, too. They take less than two yards of 36" wide fabric.



No. 4845—The Dirndl jumper is a darling for dates if you make it of velveteen and wear it with a peasanty blouse of spun rayon challis.

No. 3029—Here's the Jeep jumper. Make it in Feather Flannel, one of the new rayon blends that looks and feels like wool.



No. 4363—The Victory jumper has a deep V front. Make it in corduroy and for a change, try it over a sweater instead of a blouse.

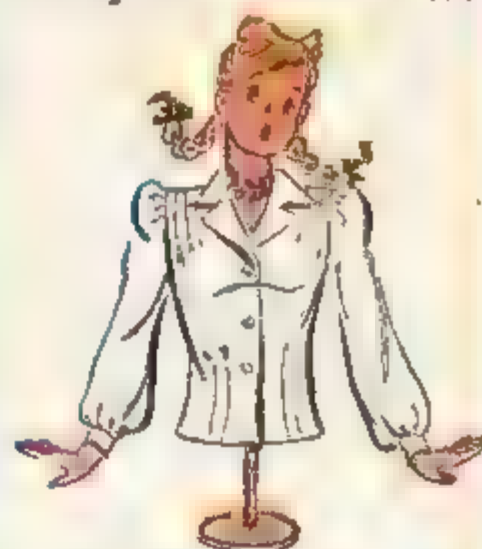
For help with any sewing problems, send stamped addressed envelope to Sewing Box, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

You Never Have Enough

BLOUSES

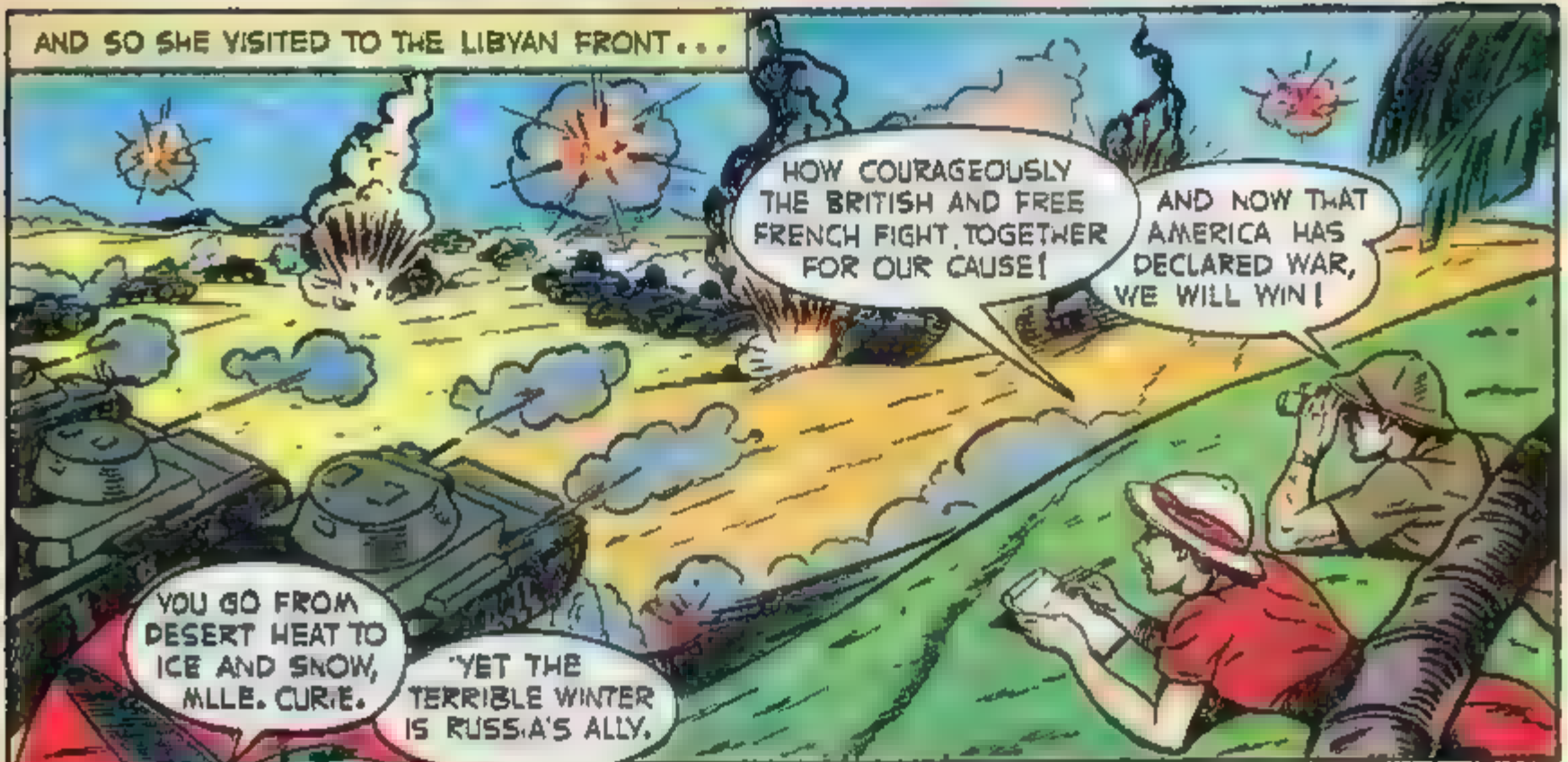


No. 4361—One style—with two moods. For your frilly moments, edge it with ruffling or lace; make it with short sleeves. For tailored crispness, make it with long sleeves and stitch in color.



No. 2165—A convertible neckline and something smooth in shoulders. We suggest striped cotton for this one.

AND SO SHE VISITED TO THE LIBYAN FRONT...

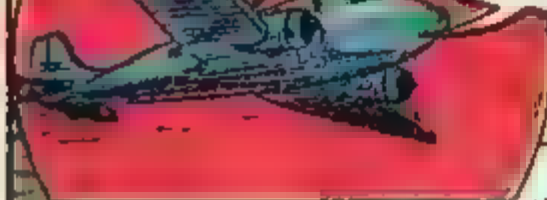


HOW COURAGEOUSLY
THE BRITISH AND FREE
FRENCH FIGHT TOGETHER
FOR OUR CAUSE!

AND NOW THAT
AMERICA HAS
DECLARED WAR,
WE WILL WIN!

YOU GO FROM
DESERT HEAT TO
ICE AND SNOW,
MLLE. CURIE.

YET THE
TERRIBLE WINTER
IS RUSSIA'S ALLY.



FROM LIBYA SHE FLEW
TO RUSSIA.

MOSCOW—
JANUARY, 1942...

SEE FOR YOURSELF
WHAT THE RUSSIAN
WINTER HAS DONE FOR
THE GERMAN SOLDIERS.



THESE PRISONERS
ARE LITTLE MORE
THAN BOYS.

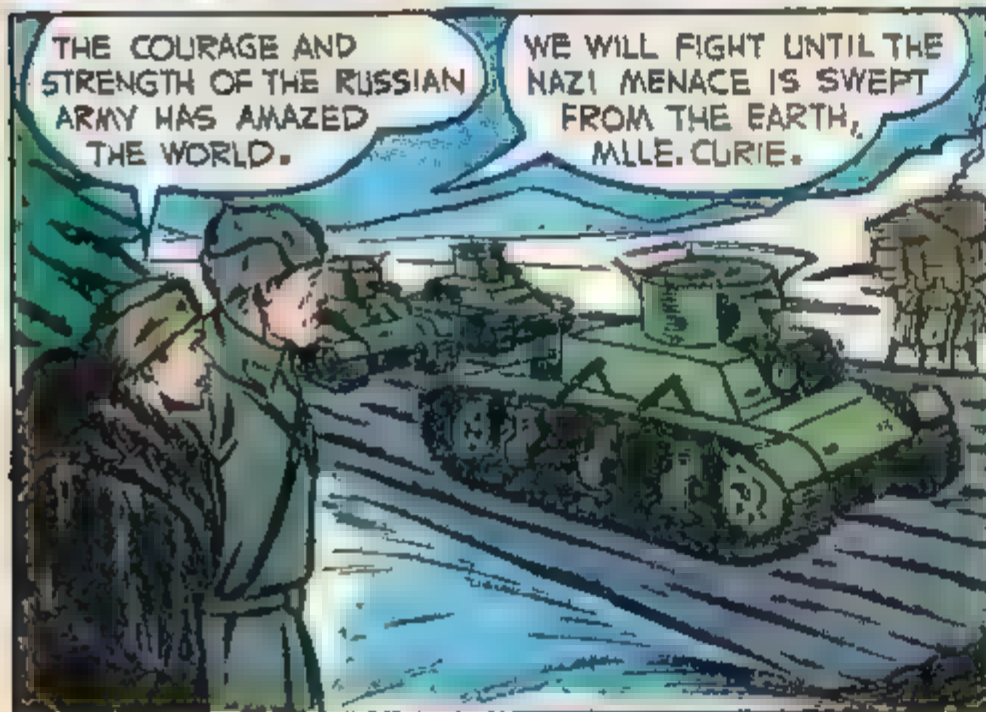
WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF HITLER
NOW?

WE KNOW
NOW THE FEUHRER
IS WRONG.



THE COURAGE AND
STRENGTH OF THE RUSSIAN
ARMY HAS AMAZED
THE WORLD.

WE WILL FIGHT UNTIL THE
NAZI MENACE IS SWEEPED
FROM THE EARTH,
MLLE. CURIE.



AND NOW YOU
GO TO CHINA,
MADEMOISELLE?

YES. I SHALL TRAVEL
OVER THE BURMA ROAD,
CHINA'S LIFE LINE TO
THE OUTSIDE
WORLD.



THE BURMA ROAD —
EN ROUTE TO CHINA...

THE JAPS BOMB
THE BURMA ROAD
ALMOST DAILY. I'D
ADVISE YOU NOT
TO GO THROUGH.

I'LL
RISK IT.

THESE TRUCKS
GO BACK FOR MORE
SUPPLIES.

THAT DRIVER
IS MORE
DANGEROUS THAN
THE JAPS.

WHEN SHE ARRIVED IN THE CITY OF CHUNGKING...

WHERE DO YOU
GO FROM HERE?

I'LL GO BY CAR INTO
THE INTERIOR TO SEE
HOW THE PEOPLE OF
CHINA ARE HELPING
TO FIGHT THIS
WAR.

BREAKFAST IN THE MIDDLE OF A VILLAGE STREET...

WHAT IS THE
NEWS FROM
THE FRONT?

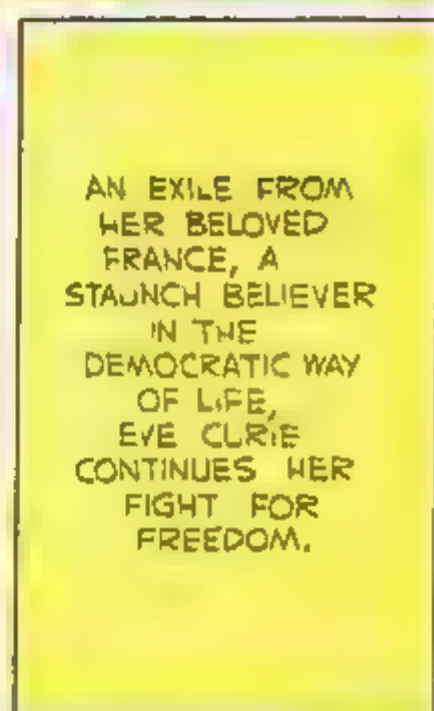
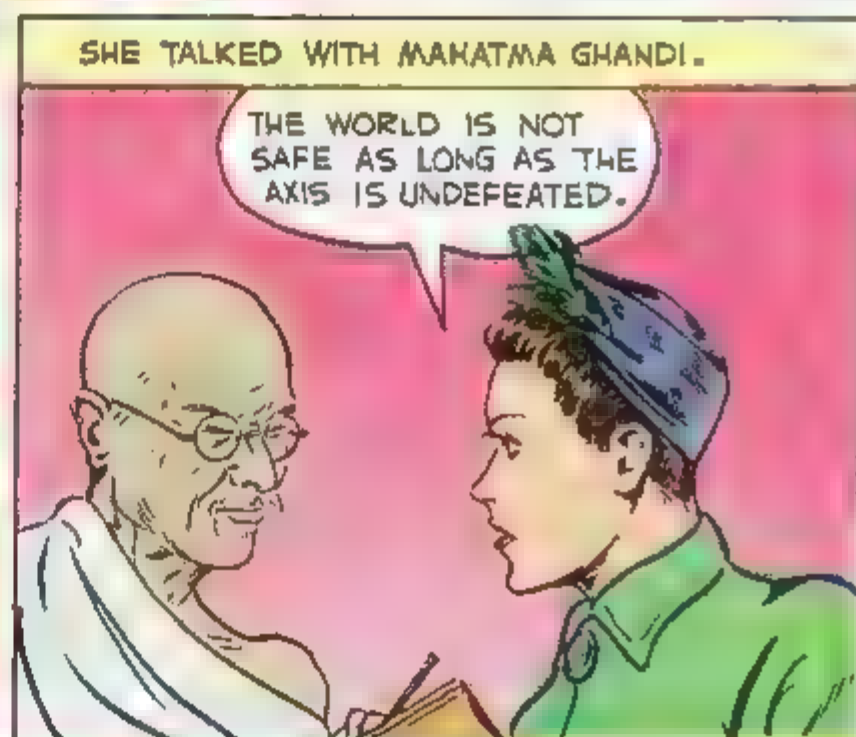
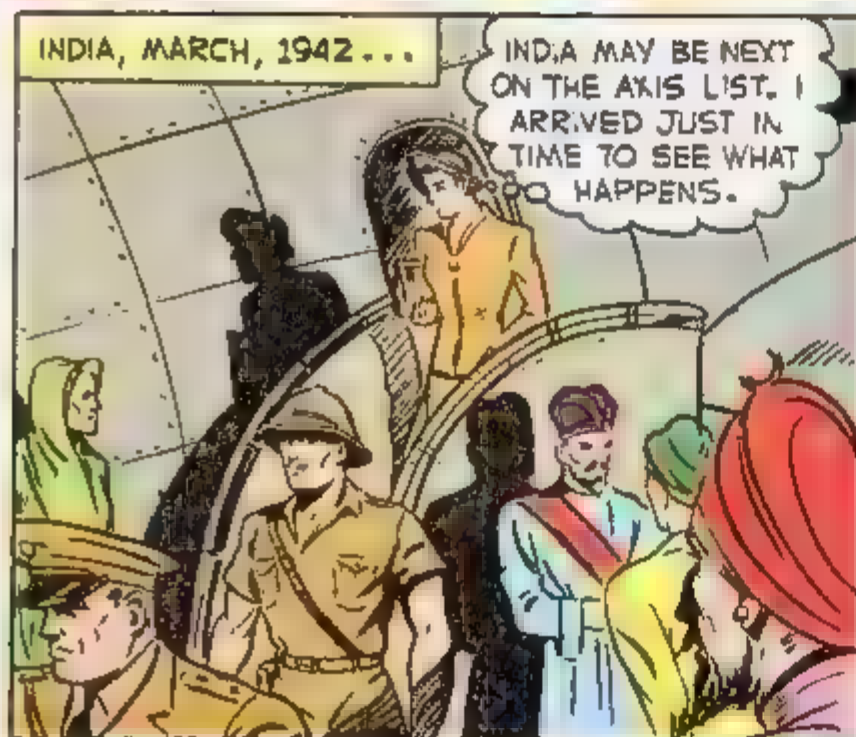
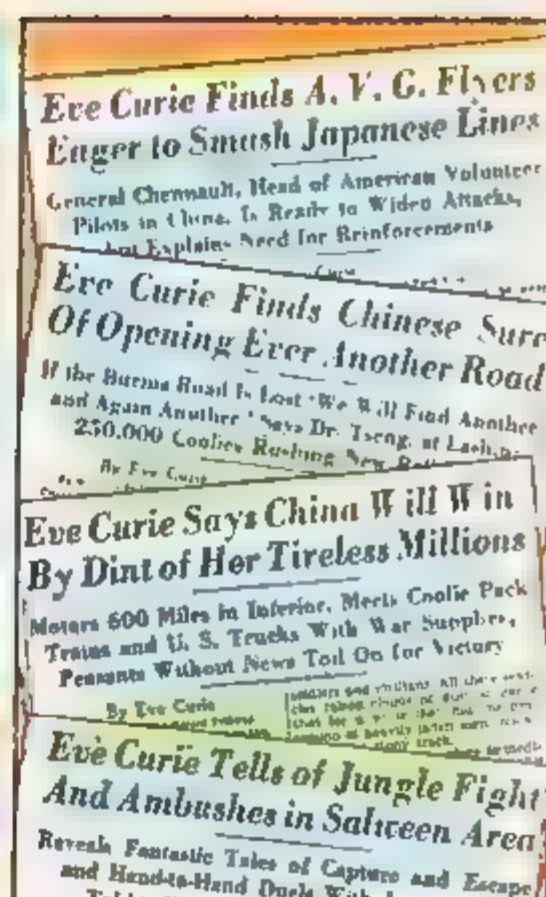
ONLY THOSE WHO
CAN READ OR GET
TO TOWN HAVE
NEWS. I KNOW
NOTHING.

THE BEST THING WE
PEASANTS CAN DO
TO HELP IS TO GROW
VEGETABLES AND RICE.

THE INTENSITY OF LIFE
AND WORK HERE MUST BE
THE SECRET OF WHY
CHINA CANNOT BE
CONQUERED!

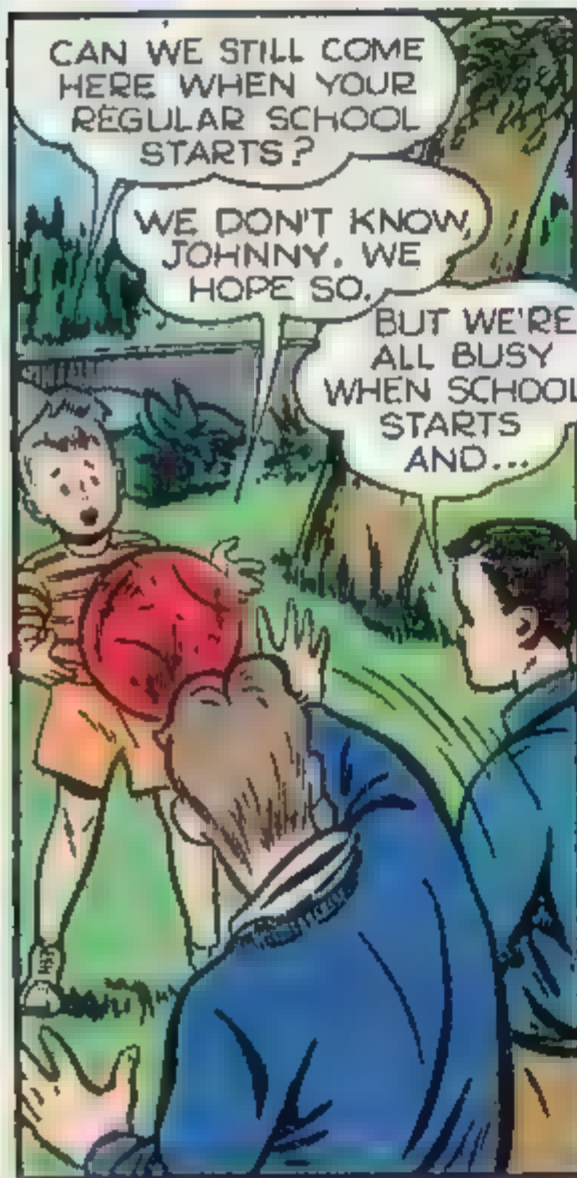
SHE INTERVIEWED GENERALISSIMO AND
MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK.

WITH AMERICA'S HELP, CHINA WILL
NEVER STOP FIGHTING UNTIL THE
WAR IS WON.



The Yorktown Younger Set

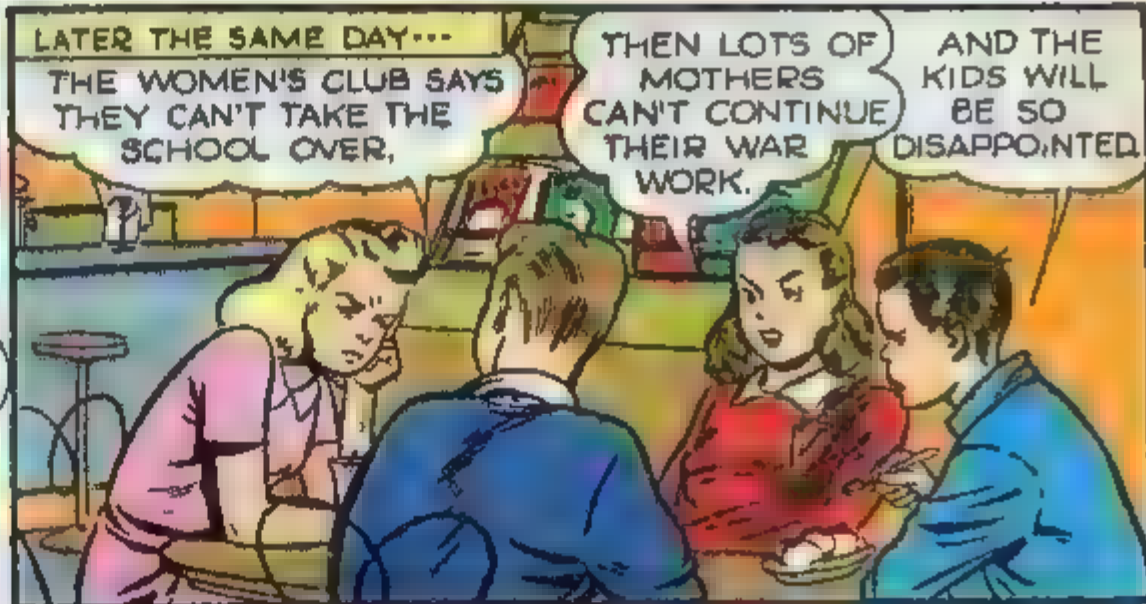
THEY
GIVE
A
PARTY



CAN WE STILL COME
HERE WHEN YOUR
REGULAR SCHOOL
STARTS?

WE DON'T KNOW,
JOHNNY. WE
HOPE SO.

BUT WE'RE
ALL BUSY
WHEN SCHOOL
STARTS
AND...

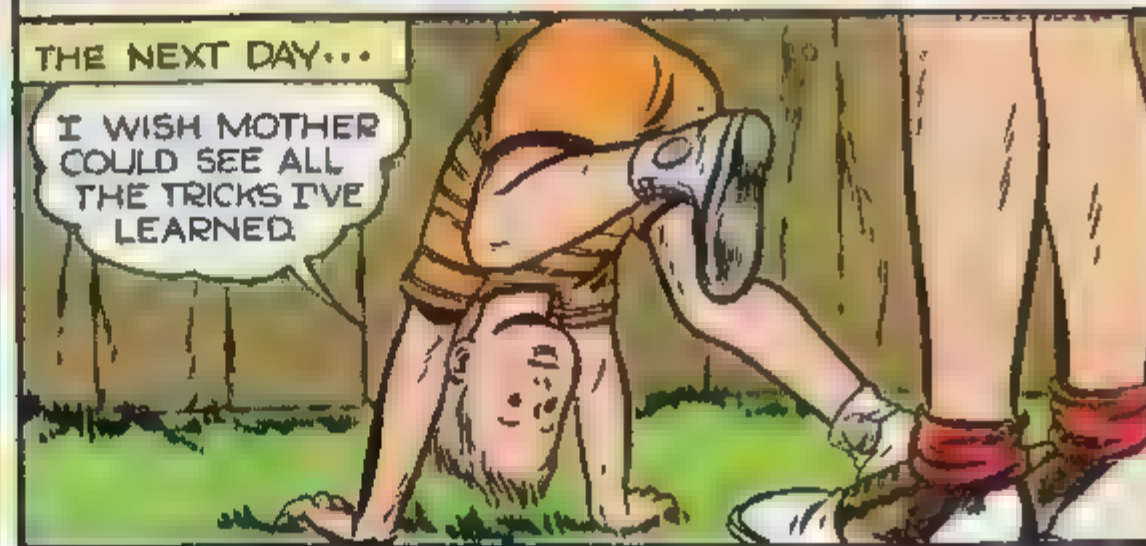


LATER THE SAME DAY...

THE WOMEN'S CLUB SAYS
THEY CAN'T TAKE THE
SCHOOL OVER.

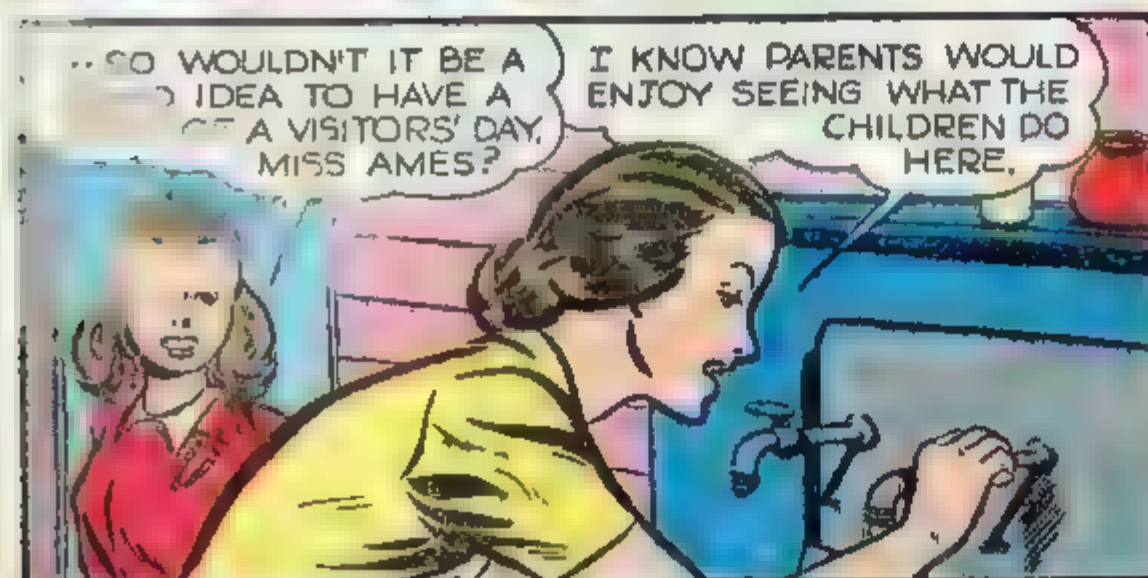
THEN LOTS OF
MOTHERS
CAN'T CONTINUE
THEIR WAR
WORK.

AND THE
KIDS WILL
BE SO
DISAPPOINTED.



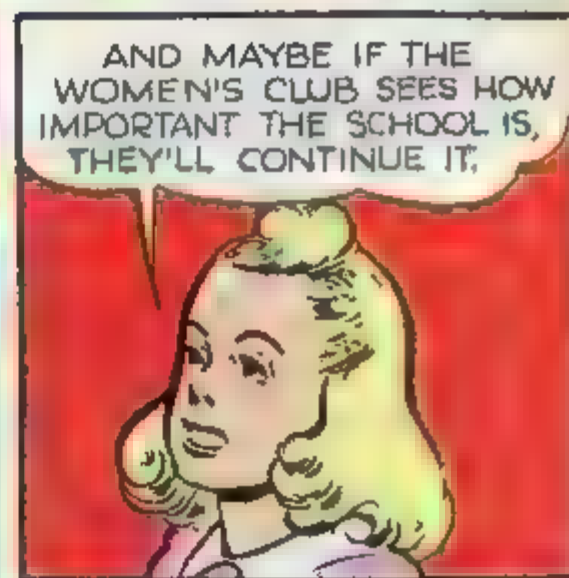
THE NEXT DAY...

I WISH MOTHER
COULD SEE ALL
THE TRICKS I'VE
LEARNED.

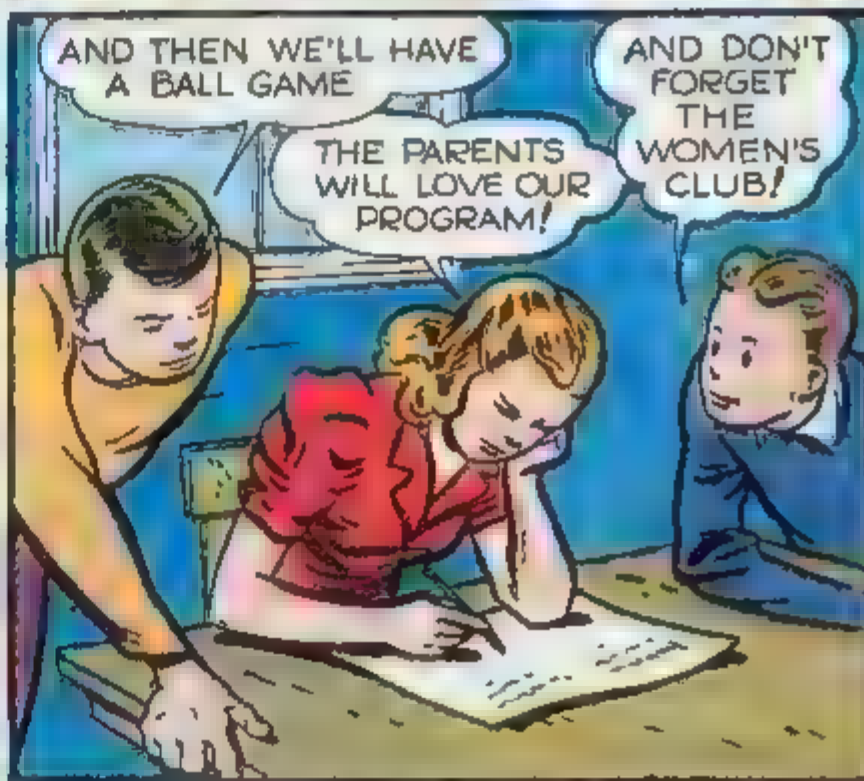
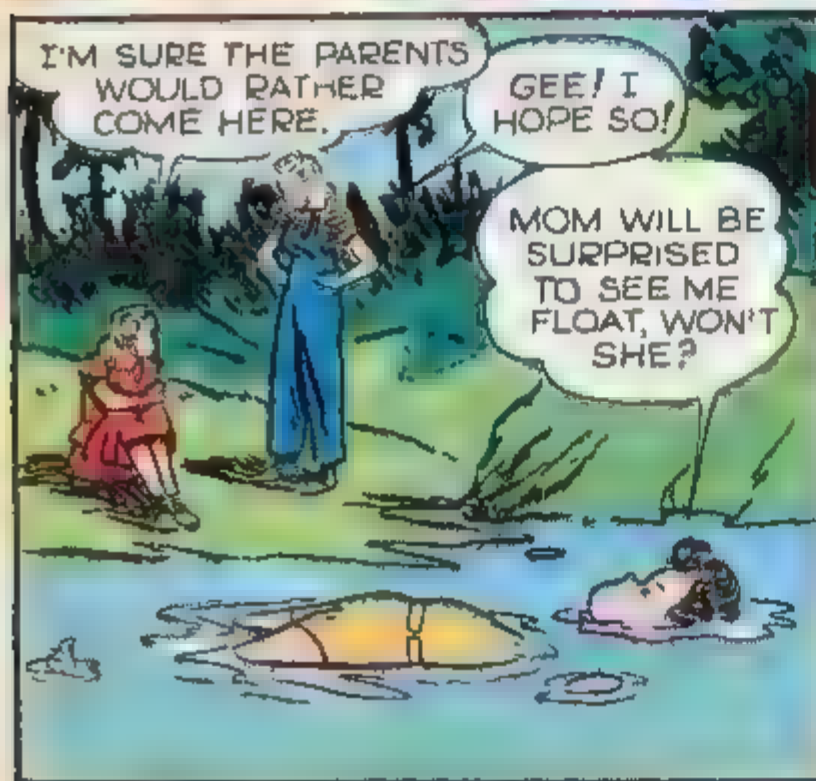
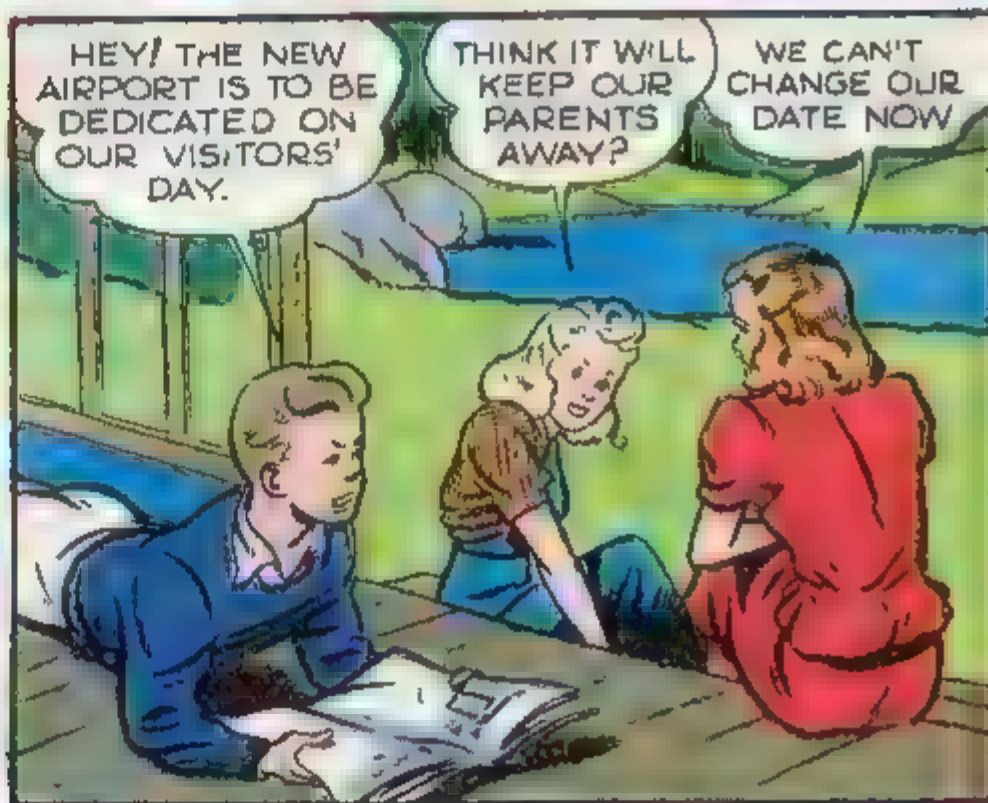
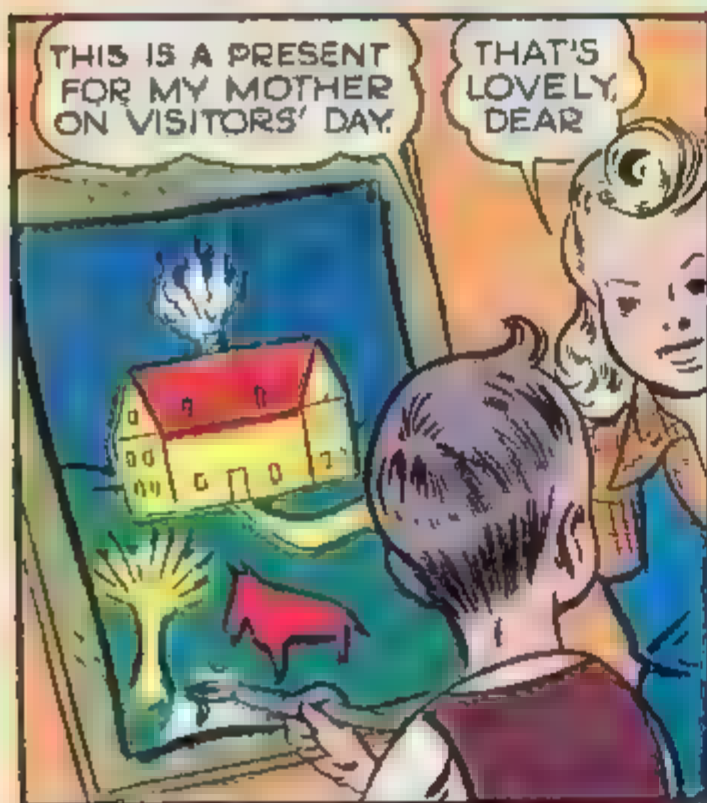
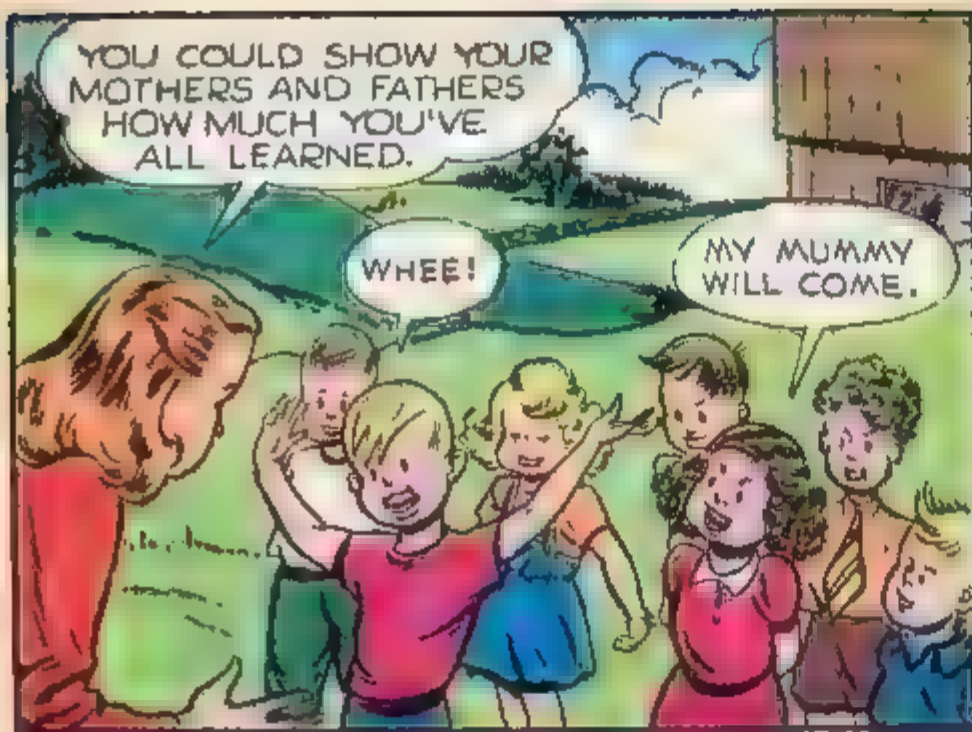


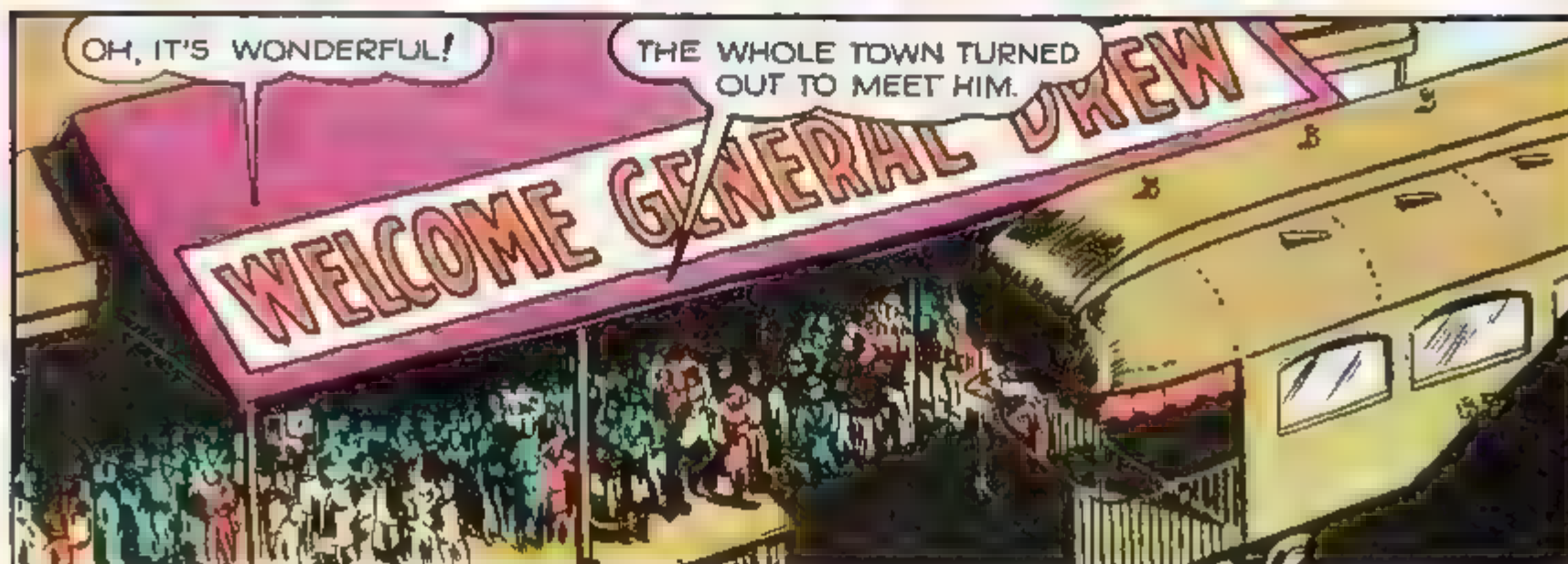
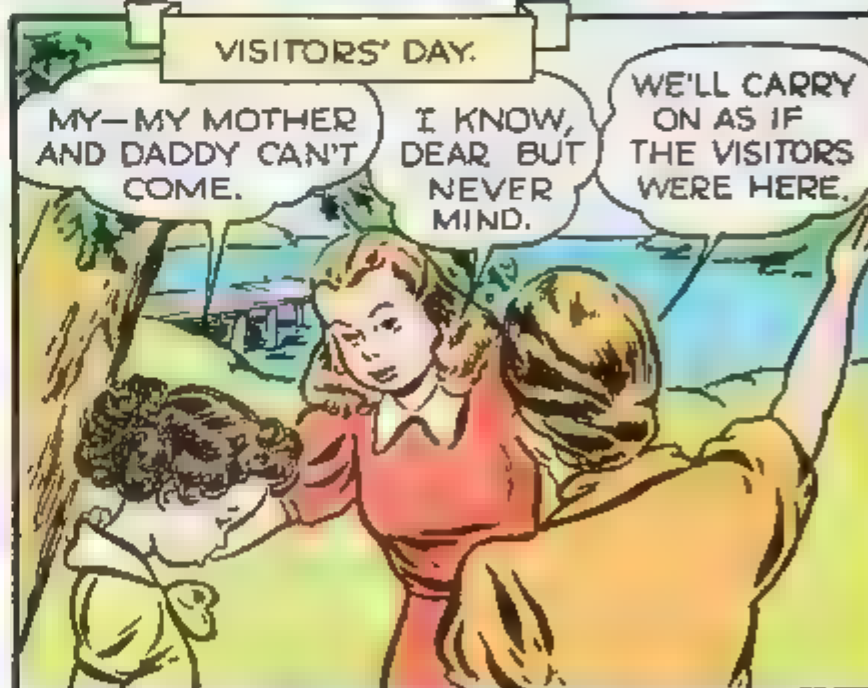
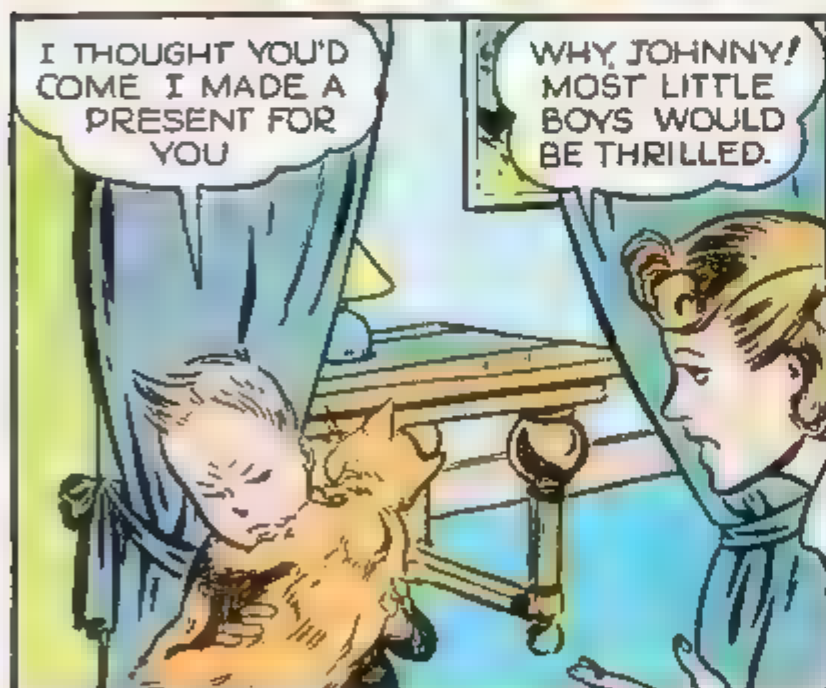
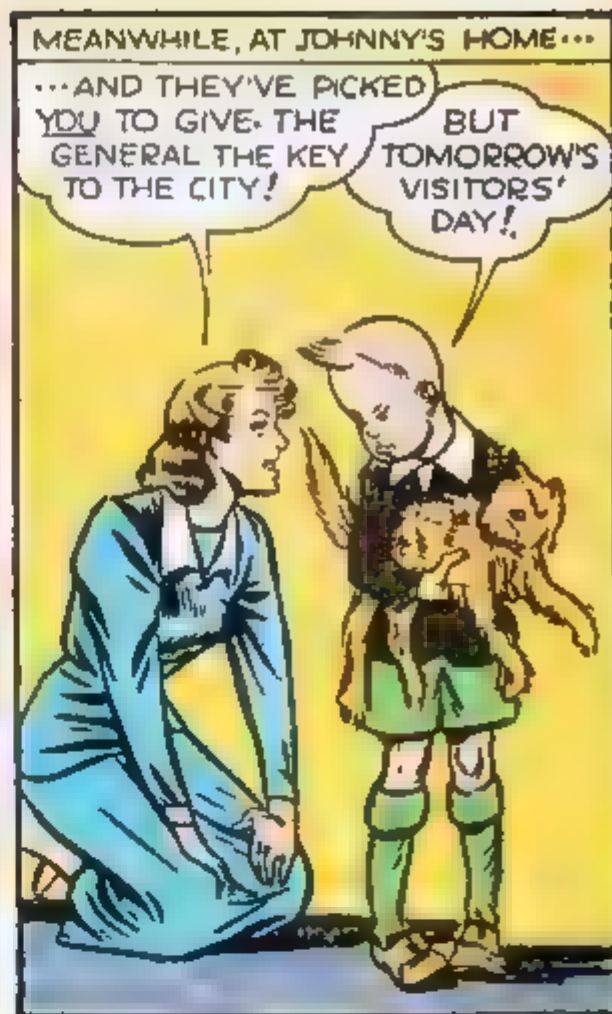
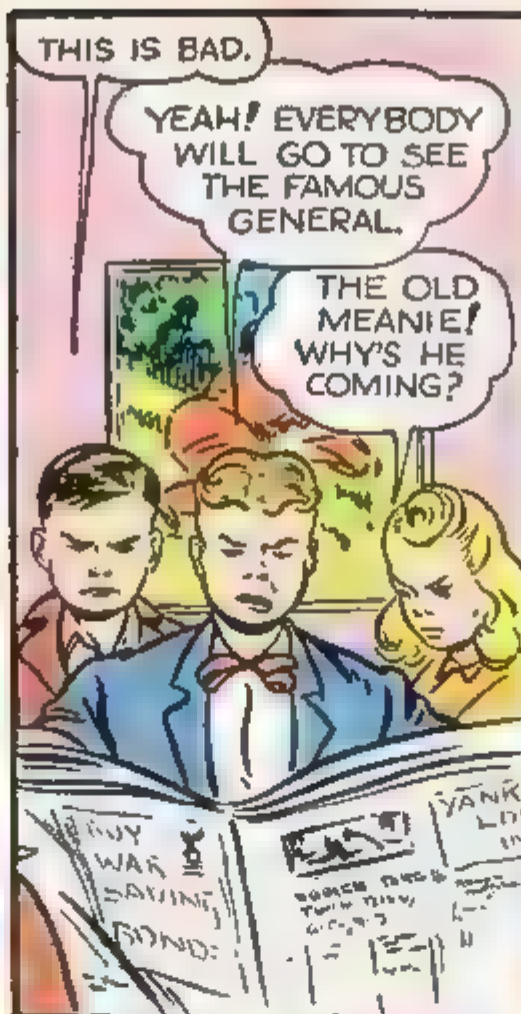
...SO WOULDN'T IT BE A
GOOD IDEA TO HAVE A
VISITORS' DAY,
MISS AMES?

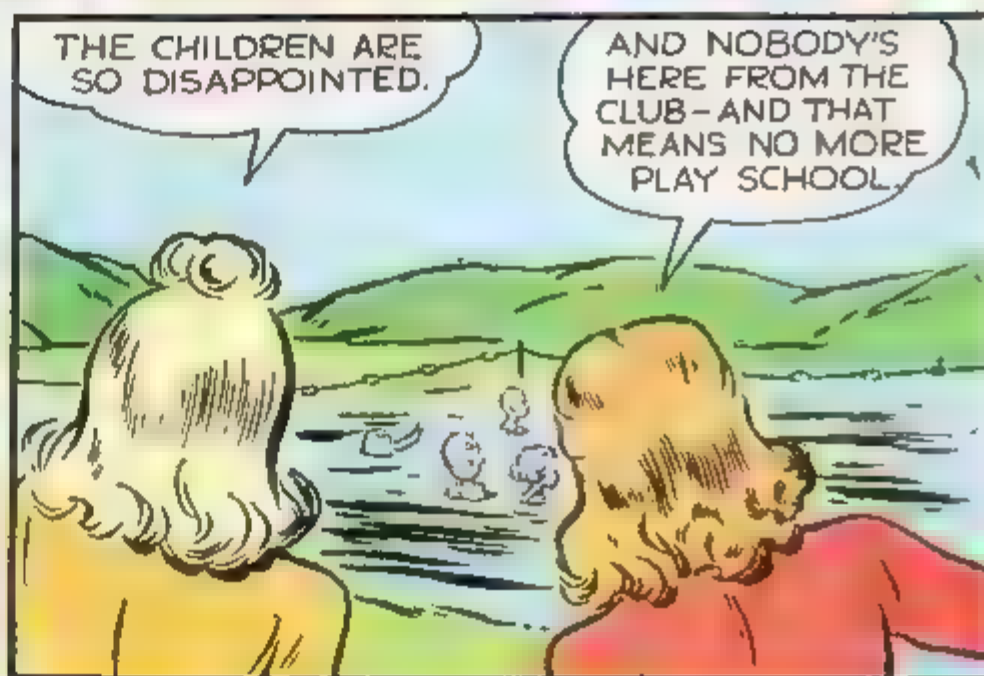
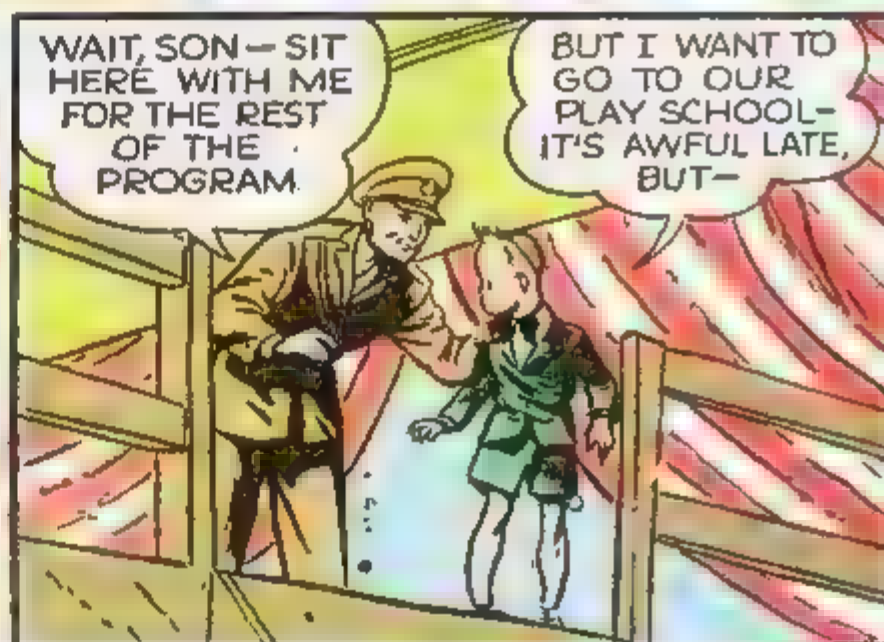
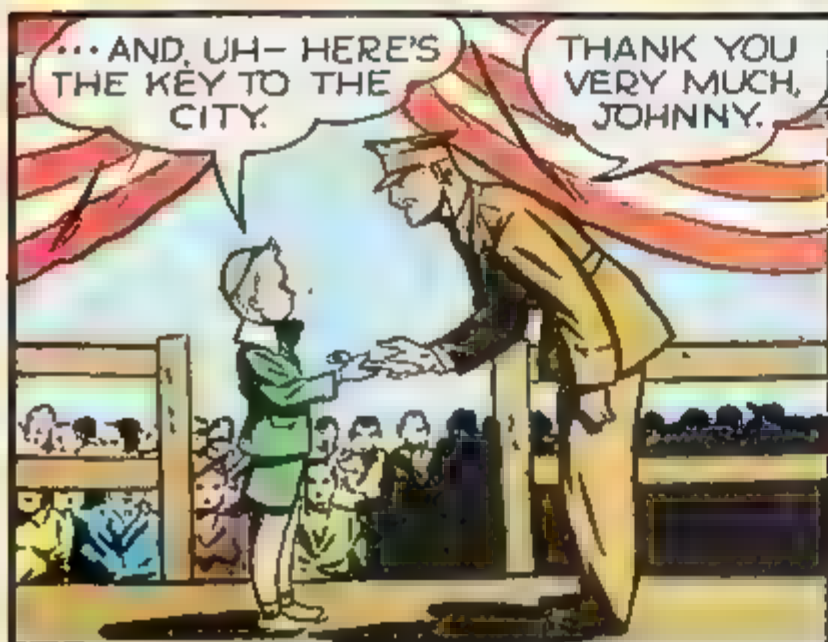
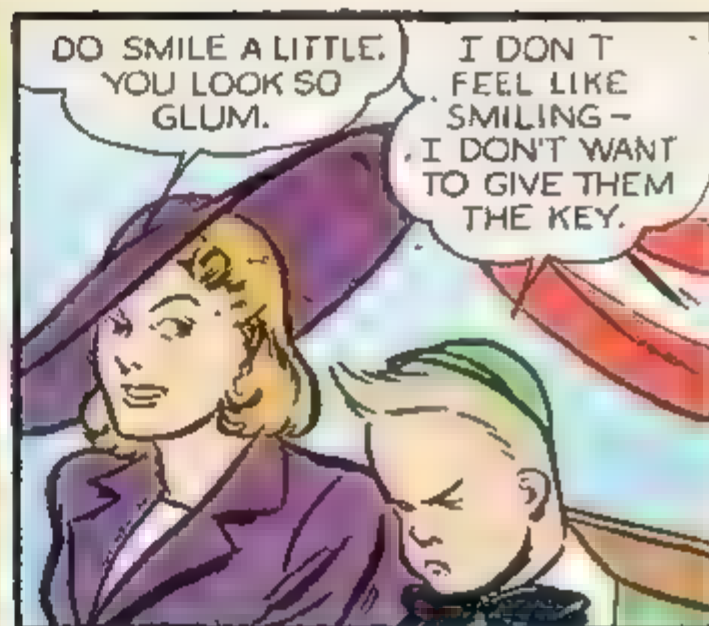
I KNOW PARENTS WOULD
ENJOY SEEING WHAT THE
CHILDREN DO
HERE.



AND MAYBE IF THE
WOMEN'S CLUB SEES HOW
IMPORTANT THE SCHOOL IS,
THEY'LL CONTINUE IT.



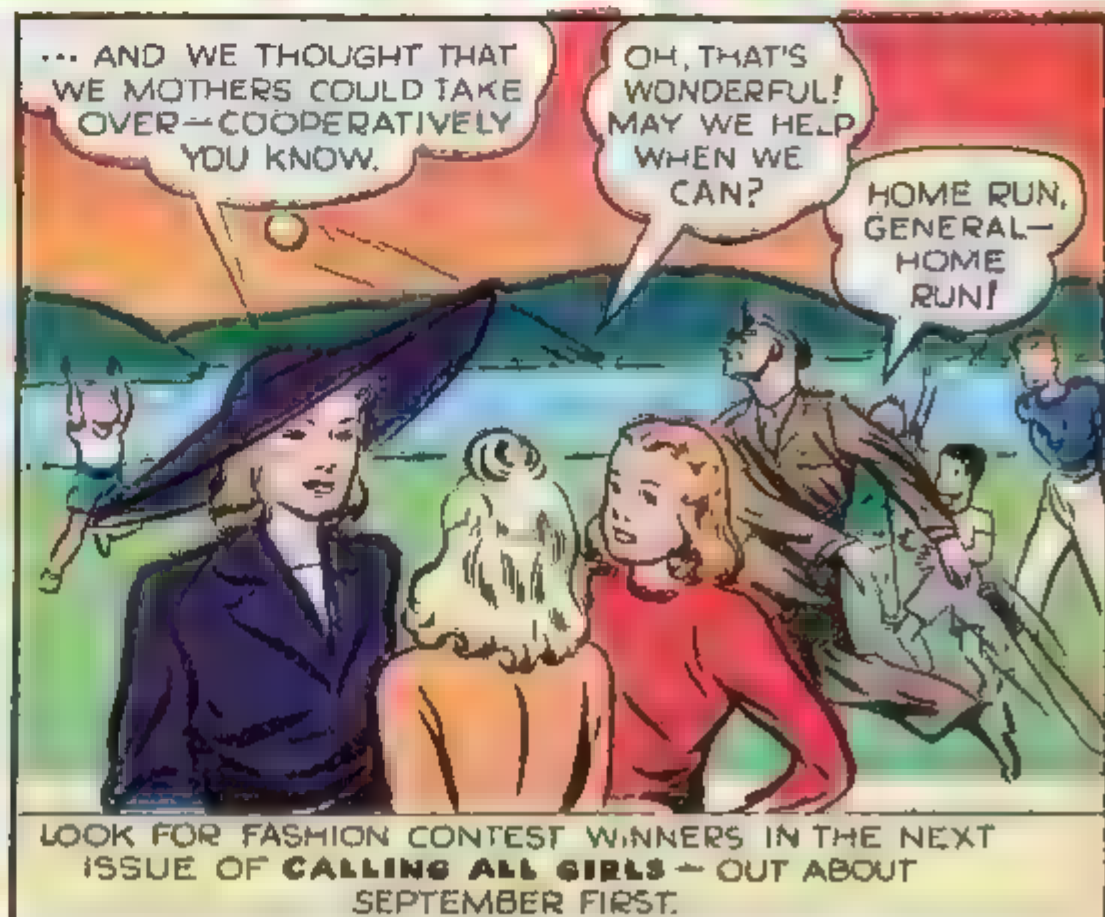
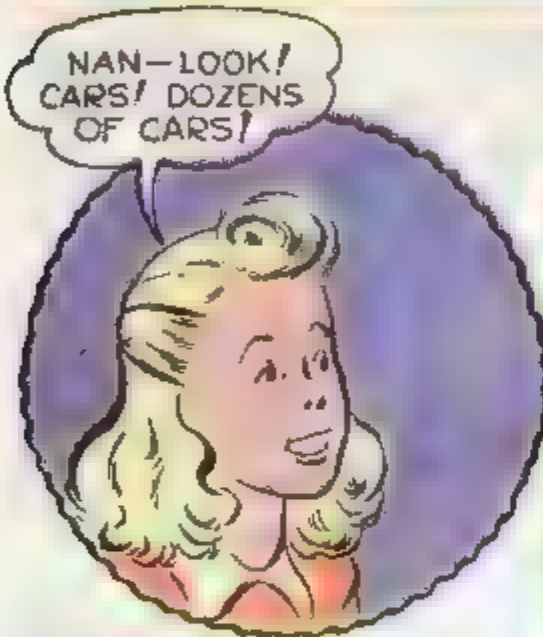
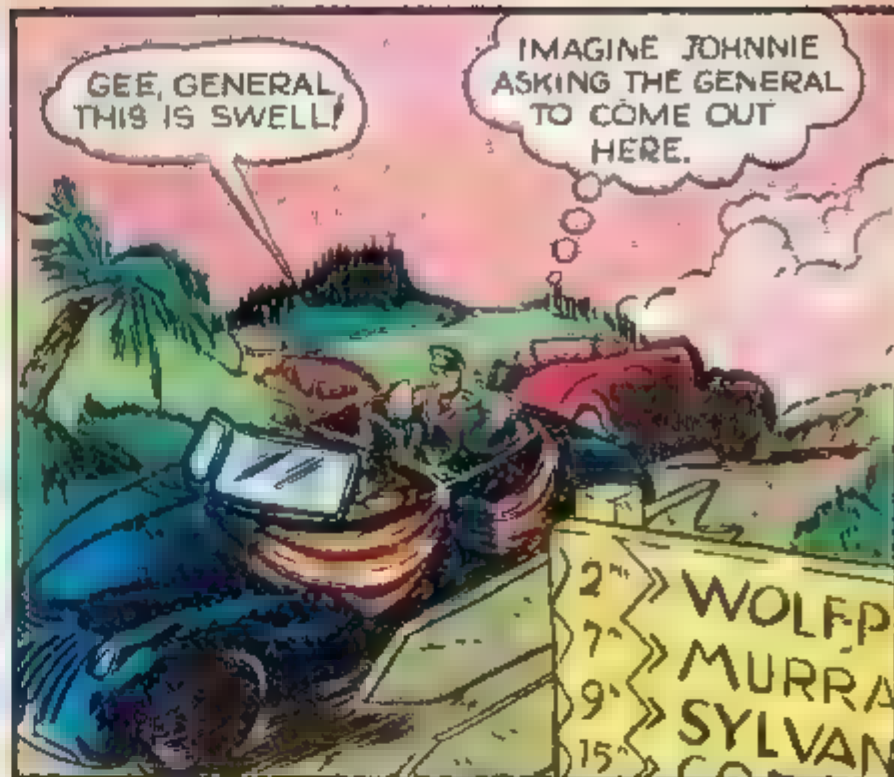
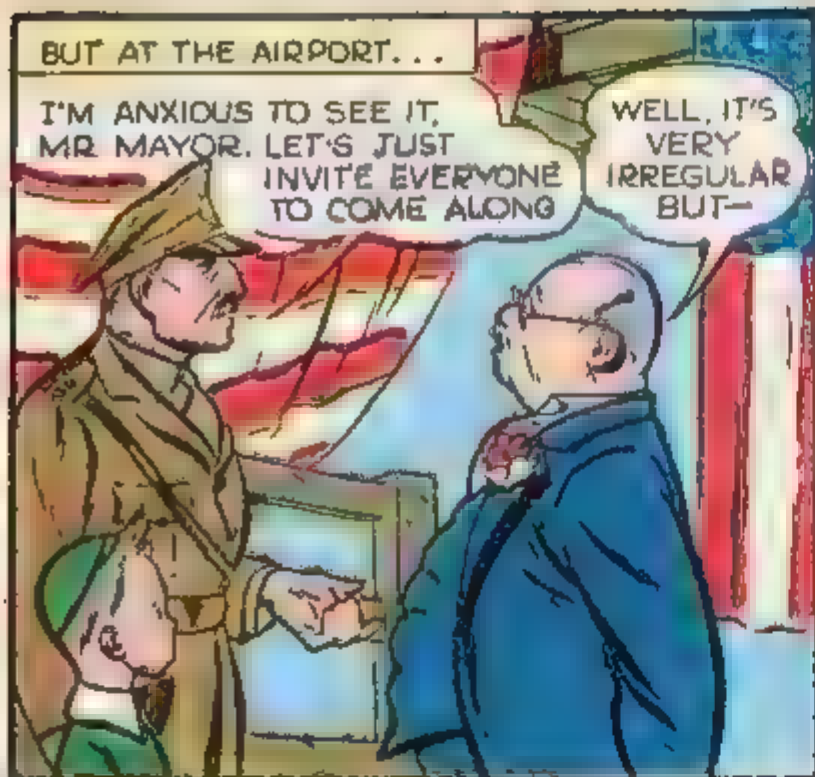




A New "One-Shot" Comic Magazine...10c at Newsstands

"HOW BOYS AND GIRLS CAN HELP WIN THE WAR"

20 ways you can work for victory, told in wonderful full-color comics! Every dime received from the sale of this publication will be invested in U S. War Bonds and Stamps. If you cannot find it at your newsstand, send 10c to The Parents' Institute, Inc., 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly, and say, "Send me a copy of 'How Boys and Girls Can Help Win the War'."



ON THE HOOF

(Continued from page 8)

Kay ran toward him. "Did you snap him?"

"Have to let you know later," Clarke called as he left.

Kay hurried back to Dundy. She must rub him down, put on poultices. Her mind raced her hands. Suppose Clarke had a picture of Mr. Todman firing a gun. What would that prove? It would be too wild to hope that the same picture could show the pheasant, too. Clarke in his excitement had never stopped to think.

But suppose she got evidence to support the picture. Suppose she found traces of the slain bird. Only where would she look? It would soon be dark. By the time Clarke reached home so she could ask him over the telephone it would be too late to start.

Her eyes fastened on the leg she was beginning to sponge. Dundy's hoofs had given her one clue. Carefully she studied the fetlock. That blackish-red clay could be found only in Smith's creek pasture. And the bridle path passed it.

If she found evidence of freshly killed pheasants and if the picture turned out, they would have a chain of convicting evidence. They would not need to take it to the sheriff. Her father might not want her to do that. It was for him to decide. But if she let Mr. Todman suspect what they had, he would not press a request for Red Wing.

Hastily finishing her work with Dundy and blanketing him crookedly, she saddled a big rawboned roan horse.

As soon as he was warmed up, Kay encouraged him to do his best. Within a short time they were inside Smith's pasture. She found recent traces of hoofs. She followed them, looking eagerly on every side.

Ha! Here the horse had stopped, milling about. Kay dismounted. On the other side of the fence were more tracks. The brush on her side was trampled down. Kay followed

the broken line. A plain footprint of a man's shoe. Yes, and here under this brush—what luck! He'd hidden the dead bird. And, yes, his gun! Maybe he had been afraid she would see it. It was not far from here to the highway. He probably had intended to stop for it. But if he had caught a glimpse of Clarke riding Dundy, he might have thought it better to wait until tomorrow. He was an early riser, she knew.

Kay left the gun untouched and carefully replaced the slain bird, minus its tail feathers. Then she started home with a light heart.

It was dark by the time she reached the stables. She called to her mother that she'd come to dinner in a minute. She had to telephone first.

Clarke's mother answered, and she was not at all cordial. No, he was not at home. Mrs. Grant disapproved of girls calling up her son. Kay tried to explain to her that her business with Clarke was important.

His mother answered tartly, "Is there any of your business that you young people do not think is all-important?" And she hung up.

Kay lacked the courage to call her back. She would have to suppress her impatience until morning.

It was less than an hour after sunrise when Clarke's bicycle came rattling up the driveway.

"Hey," he called to Kay, "look what I got!"

"Oh, did the picture turn out?" She ran toward him.

"Take a look." He thrust a cardboard at her.

As plain as could be was Mr. Todman taking aim. And in the picture was the very bush under which he had hidden the bird.

"Only I didn't get the follow-up," mourned Clarke. "I thought I was surely early enough this morning. I cut across the field to that bush you see there in the picture. But the dead bird I'd watched him

hide was gone. So I couldn't get a picture of that. He must have caught a glimpse of me—got on his guard anyhow."

Kay pulled a handful of tail feathers out of her pocket. "He didn't find these on his bird, early as he came," she exulted. Quickly she told Clarke her story. "And now it's not too early to call that gentleman and inform him that Red Wing not available today—or day. Not till Dad gets back."

While she put through the call, Clarke took a carrot in to Dundy, then brought him out to brush and rub him, making the best amends he could for his rough treatment of the day before. His whistling slowed as Kay talked on the telephone, then shrilled out with pleased satisfaction as she replaced the receiver.

"He'd missed the tail feathers, all right," said Kay triumphantly. "He wasn't at all anxious for me to talk about a picture I had to show him. In fact it seemed to be quite agreeable to him to stay away from the place entirely. He agreed yes, yes, Red Wing did need a rest. And that is that."

With her heart at rest, Kay brought the mare out of her stall, took off the blanket, and began to groom the lovely coat. Soon she was going to have every horse in the stable in perfect condition. Only happy days were ahead for Red Wing.

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The **UNSINKABLE** **MOLLY BROWN**

SHE SANK
IN OCEANS
AND
MISFORTUNES
BUT YOU
COULDN'T
KEEP HER
DOWN

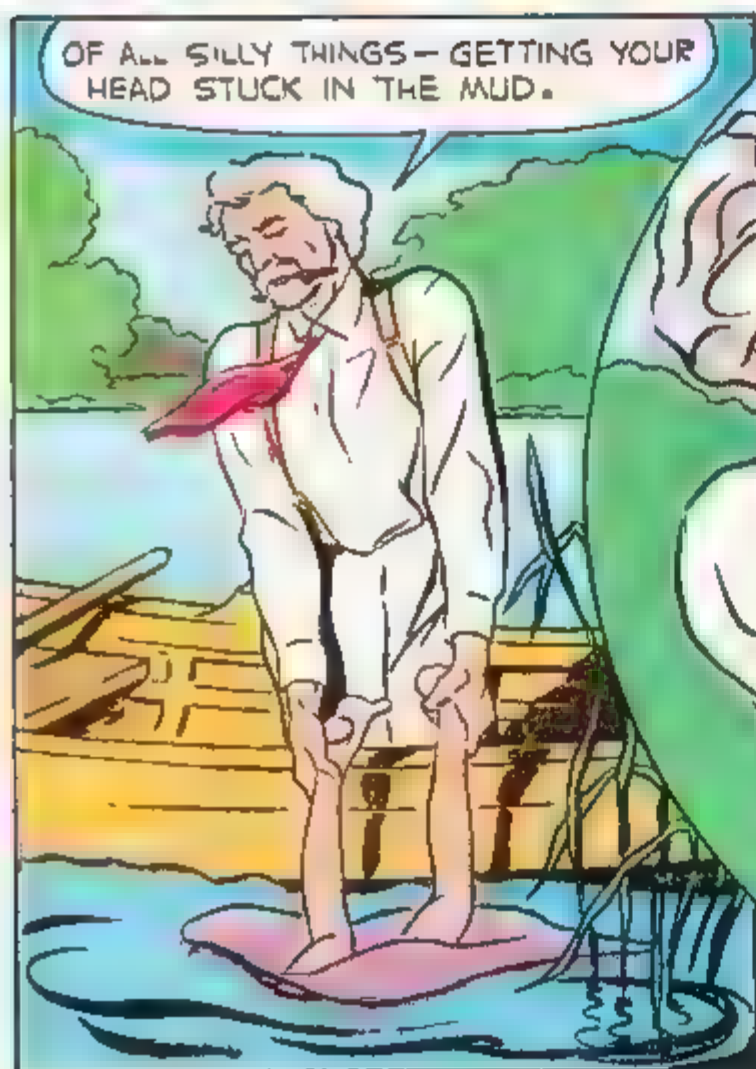
IN 1885, WHEN MOLLY
LIVED IN MISSOURI, SHE
WAS A FRIEND OF THE
FAMOUS AUTHOR,
MARK TWAIN.



YOU'LL GET DIZZY
IF YOU KEEP ON
WHRLING ABOUT
THAT WAY,
MOLLY.

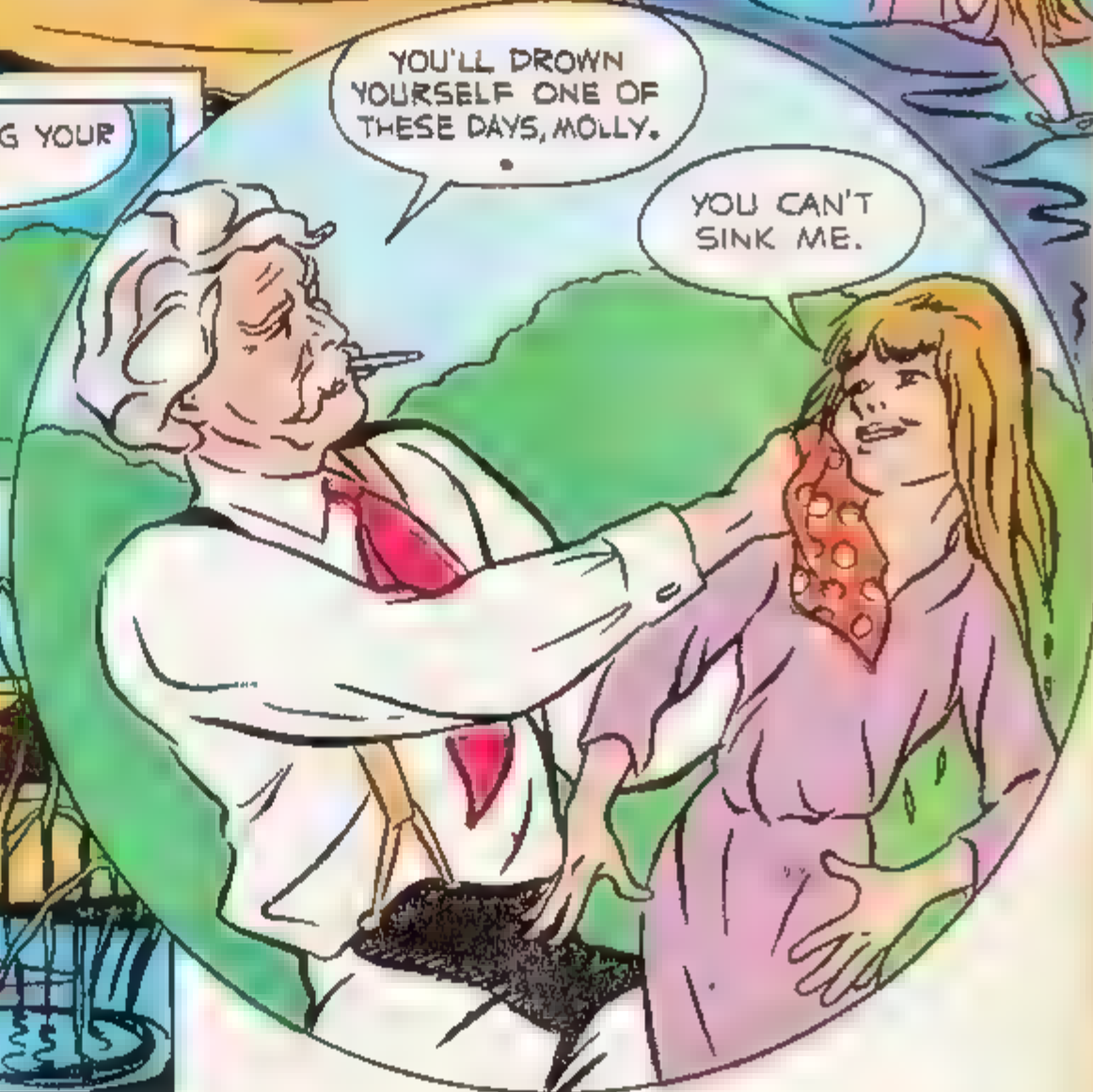
NOT ME. I WAS
BORN IN A CYCLONE,
AND I'VE
BEEN SPINNING
EVER SINCE.

OF ALL SILLY THINGS—GETTING YOUR
HEAD STUCK IN THE MUD.



YOU'LL DROWN
YOURSELF ONE OF
THESE DAYS, MOLLY.

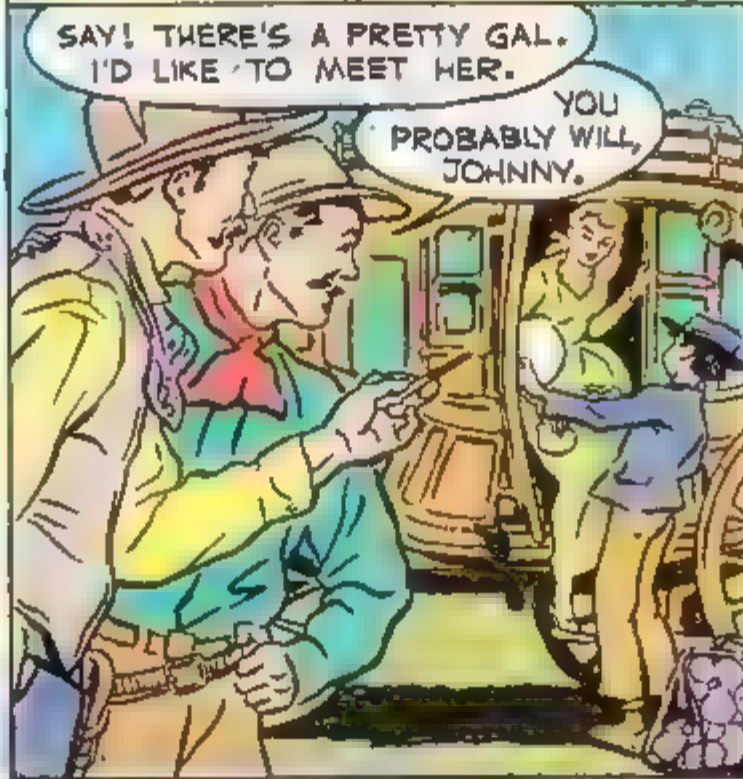
YOU CAN'T
SINK ME.



WHEN MOLLY WAS FIFTEEN, SHE AND HER BROTHER RAN AWAY IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT.



THEY LANDED IN THE GOLD-MINING CAMP OF LEADVILLE, COLORADO.

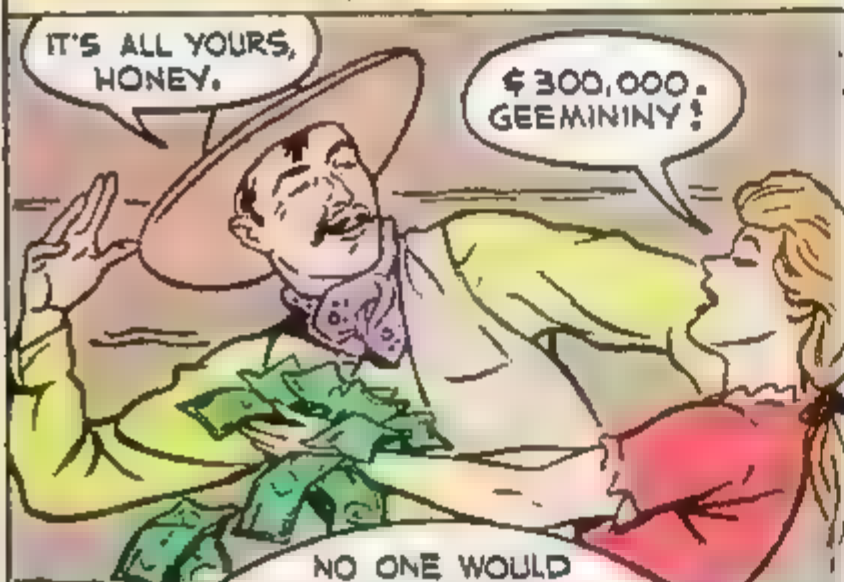


JOHNNY BROWN DID MEET MOLLY, AND MARRIED HER!

THIS IS THE ONLY HOME I HAVE FOR YOU, MOLLY, BUT IF I STRIKE GOLD, I'LL BUILD YOU A BIG HOUSE.



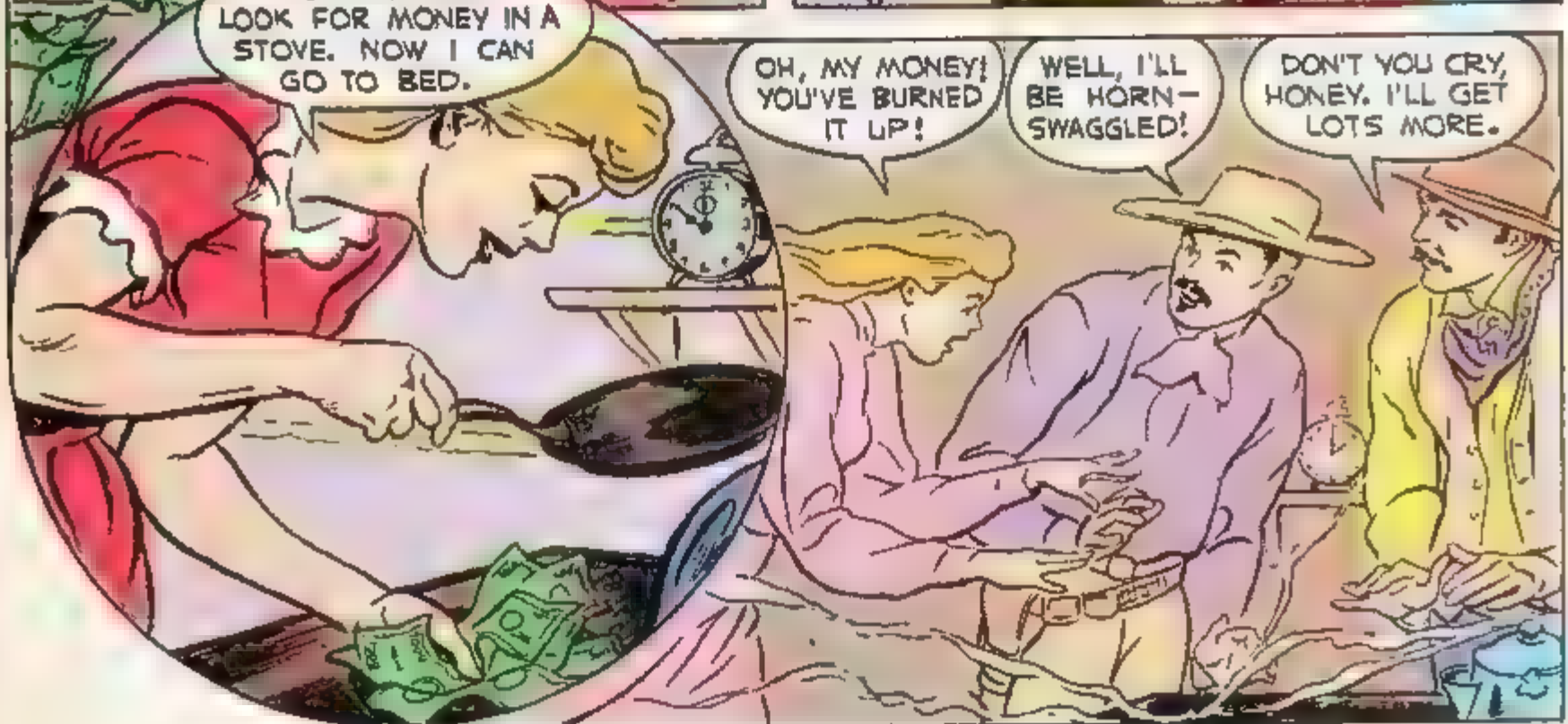
TWO MONTHS LATER, JOHNNY STRUCK GOLD.



I'M OFF TO SEE THE BOYS. HIDE THAT MONEY TILL I GET BACK, MOLLY.



NO ONE WOULD LOOK FOR MONEY IN A STOVE. NOW I CAN GO TO BED.



OH, MY MONEY! YOU'VE BURNED IT UP!

WELL, I'LL BE HORN-SWAGGLED!

DON'T YOU CRY, HONEY. I'LL GET LOTS MORE.

THE VERY NEXT DAY...

HURRAY! WE'VE
STRUCK GOLD AGAIN!

CAN WE
BUILD A BIG
HOUSE NOW?

IT'S YOUR NEW HOME, HONEY,
AND ITS FLOORS ARE MADE
OF SILVER DOLLARS.

IT'S
BEAUTIFUL!

ALL HER MONEY DIDN'T BUY A GOOD TIME FOR
MOLLY IN DENVER. SOCIETY SNUBBED HER.

INVITATION? I DON'T
NEED ONE. I AM
MRS. J.J. BROWN.

MY ORDERS
ARE NOT TO
ADMIT YOU,
MADAM.

IT'S LONELY HERE
IN DENVER, JOHNNY.
COME WITH ME TO
PARIS AND
HAVE SOME
FUN.

NOPE,
HONEY, BUT MY
PURSE IS OPEN
TO YOU.

MOLLY STUDIED IN EUROPE.

C'EST UNE
CHASSE.

SURE SOUNDS
QUEER, BUT I'M
GOING TO LEARN
FRENCH OR DIE.

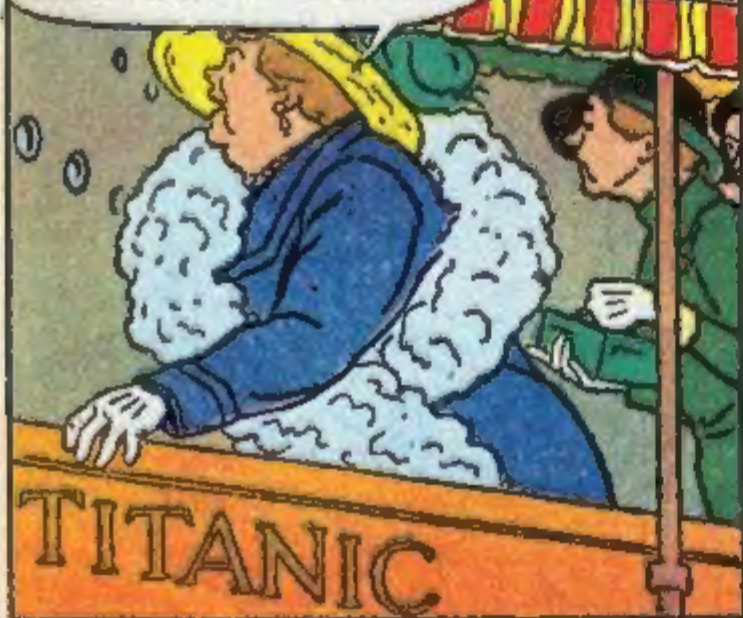
MOLLY MADE A GREAT HIT IN ENGLAND.

IF COLORADO
COULD SEE
ME NOW!

MY LORDS AND LADIES,
WE ARE HONORED TO
HAVE A FRIEND OF
THE GREAT ACTRESS,
SARAH BERNHARDT,
WITH US TONIGHT—
MRS. J.J. BROWN
OF THE U.S.A.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF TRAVELING MOLLY RETURNED TO AMERICA.

I CERTAINLY AM GLAD TO BE GOING BACK TO AMERICA.



BRAVO, MRS. BROWN. WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO SHOOT?

I COME FROM THE WILD WEST.



BRRR. THIS DECK IS AS COLD AS AN ICEBERG.



SUDDENLY THE TITANIC STRUCK AN ICEBERG AND BEGAN TO SINK — ONE OF THE GREATEST SHIPWRECKS IN HISTORY.



DON'T TAKE ME. TAKE ALL THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST.

MADAM, GET INTO THIS LIFEBOAT. THE SHIP IS SINKING FAST.

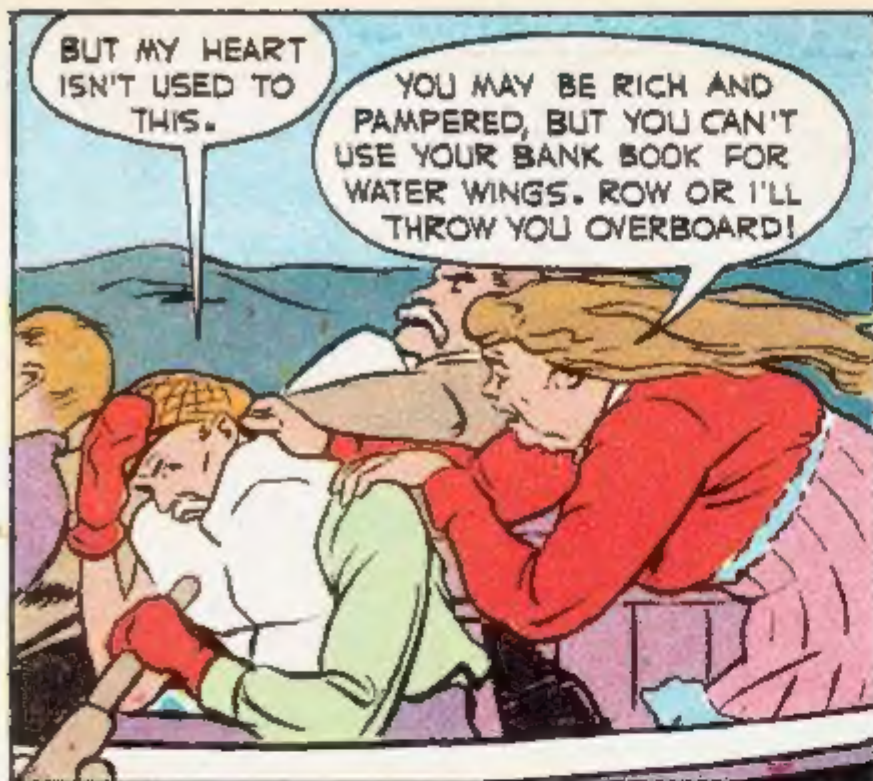


MY HEART — I CAN'T ROW ANY MORE.

FORGET ABOUT YOUR HEART. I'LL SING TO YOU.

SHE'S WONDERFUL! SHE GAVE US THE CLOTHES OFF HER BACK!





BUT MY HEART
ISN'T USED TO
THIS.

YOU MAY BE RICH AND
PAMPERED, BUT YOU CAN'T
USE YOUR BANK BOOK FOR
WATER WINGS. ROW OR I'LL
THROW YOU OVERBOARD!



THANK GOD,
WE'RE RESCUED!

BUT FOR MRS.
BROWN, WE WOULDN'T
BE HERE.

JUST TYPICAL
BROWN LUCK. I'M
UNSINKABLE.



SAY, MRS. BROWN,
YOU'RE THE
HEROINE OF
THE TITANTIC.

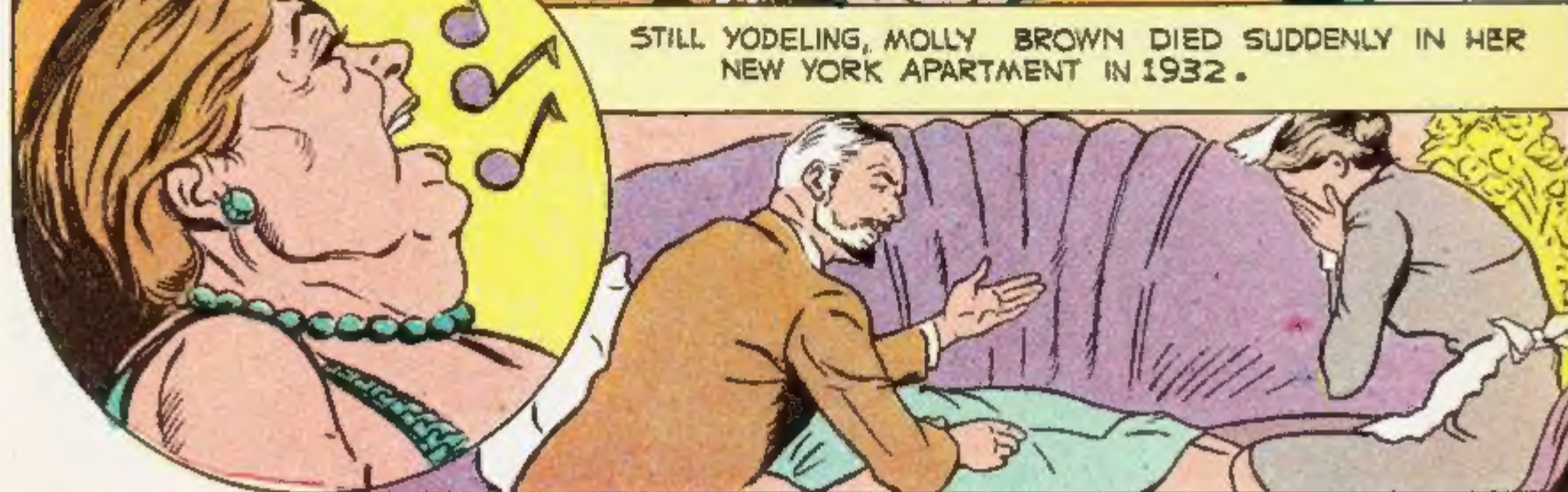
ANYTHING
LIKE THIS HAPPEN
TO YOU BEFORE?

SURE. I
WAS IN A
MONSOON IN THE
CHINA SEAS AND
A HOTEL FIRE IN
FLORIDA.

YOU'VE
TRAVELED A LOT,
HAVEN'T YOU?

FOR YEARS.
IN HONOLULU I LEARNED
TO PLAY THE UKE. IN SIAM
I LEARNED THE NATIVE
DANCES. IN SWITZERLAND
I LEARNED TO YODEL.
WANT TO HEAR ME?

STILL YODELING, MOLLY BROWN DIED SUDDENLY IN HER
NEW YORK APARTMENT IN 1932.



GOSH, ARE YOU SMOOTH!
I'LL BET YOU **SUBSCRIBE TO**
CALLING ALL GIRLS



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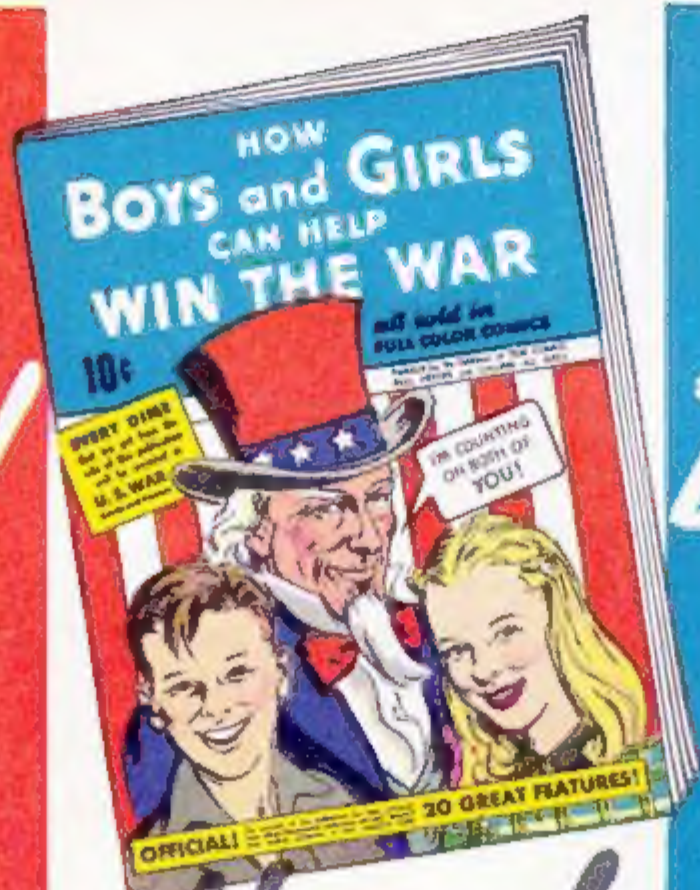
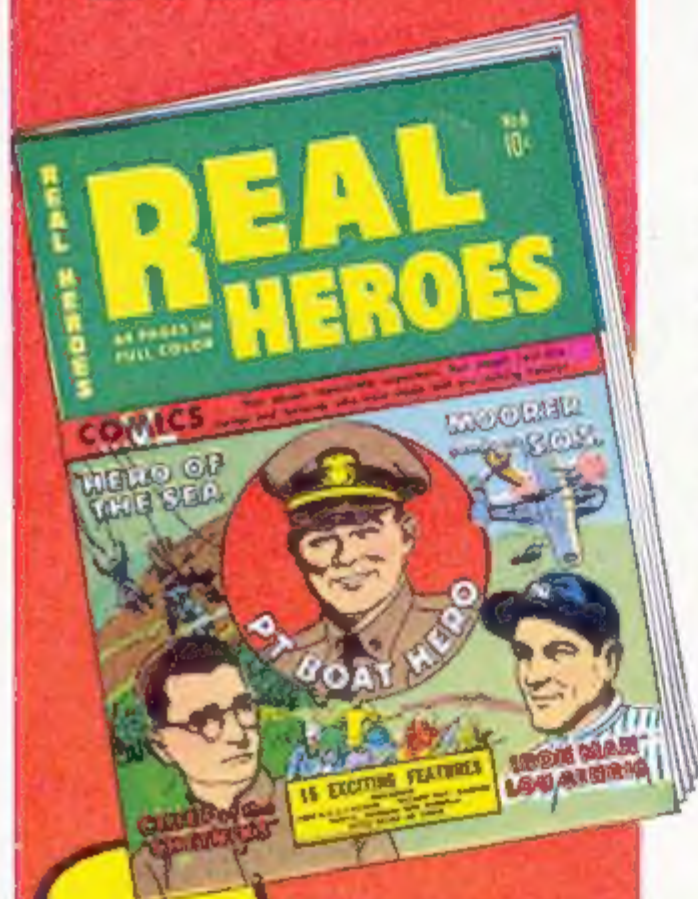
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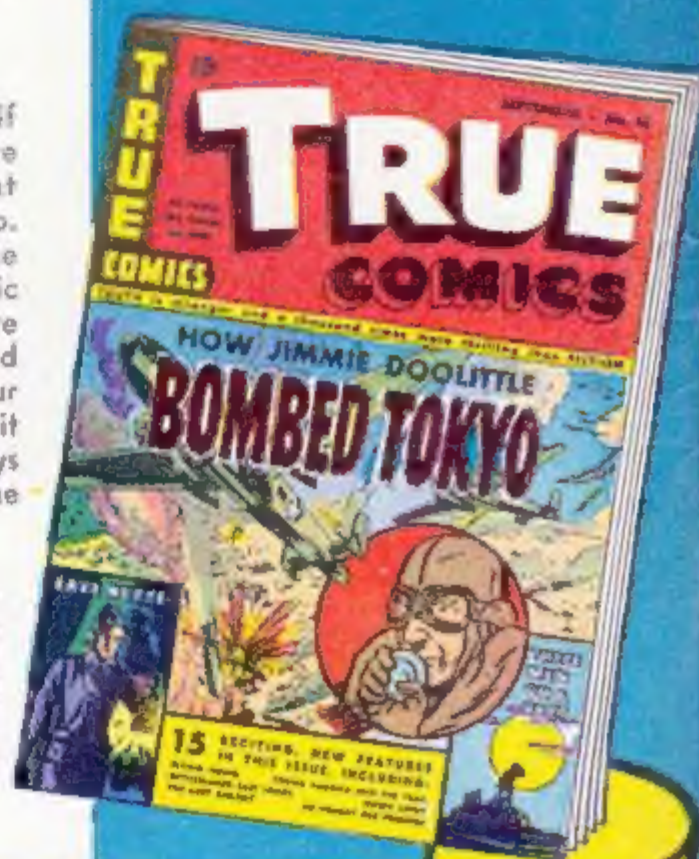
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